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# THE MONTH

**OCTOBER 1955**

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D. P. O'CONNELL

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# COMMENT

## *Anglicanism in Transition*

THE SOUTH INDIA CRISIS in the Church of England, another phase of which is now officially over, is, apart from the group of distinguished converts it is producing, of no direct concern to Catholics. Nevertheless the recent action of the Convocations has illuminated the character and present tendencies of the Establishment, as well as its claim to be a potential "bridge church," Catholic and Protestant at once and destined in God's good time to reconcile Rome and Geneva in some "Great Church" of the future.

We believe that although certain aspects of the scheme for intercommunion with the Church of South India are without precedent in Christian history, the Anglican decision is best interpreted as a reversion to type and those Anglo-Catholics who lament that their church has been "betrayed" by its hierarchy show an inadequate understanding of their own past.

During the First and Second Episcopacies in Scotland, Presbyterian ministers were brought to England for consecration *per saltum* and then sent back to Scotland to rule, as bishops in the Anglican succession, an alien Presbyterian system which continued to use Knox's *Book of Common Order*. Under the Second Episcopacy, as in South India today, the existing non-episcopal ministers continued to hold their benefices without reordination.

The Scottish episode, it is true, arose not from reunion negotiations, but from the will of the Crown and was inspired, not by the theological formula "no bishop, no church," but by the state formula "no bishop, no King." But then it may be doubted (in spite of the stout defence of episcopacy by the Elizabethan and Caroline divines) whether the widespread Anglican acceptance of episcopacy precisely as a divine institution and sacramental necessity, not just a domestic rule, ante-dated the Oxford Movement; and then the first Anglo-Catholics based themselves less on Anglican formularies than on their clearer understanding of the character of the primitive Catholic Church. In any case,

another precedent for certain aspects of South India is furnished, even in the course of the Oxford Movement, by the Anglo-Prussian Bishopric of Jerusalem. Although this scheme, like the Second Episcopacy, was state inspired, it enjoyed the enthusiastic support of Dr. Howley, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Blomfield of London and all the Evangelical party, who hoped it would facilitate union between the Church of England and the Protestant churches of the Continent. An Act was passed in Parliament in 1841 providing a single episcopal jurisdiction not only over Anglican churches in and around the Holy Land, but also over "such other Protestant congregations as may be desirous of placing themselves under his authority." The crowns of England and Prussia were to nominate in turn, and the bishop, whether Anglican or Lutheran, had power to ordain German ministers on their subscription to the Confession of Augsburg and Anglicans on subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles, either to use their own ordinal. Some Anglicans, including Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter, Dr. Newman (to whom it was the last straw) and John Mason Neale, protested vigorously but ineffectively. The termination of the experiment after forty years was due not to any Anglican intransigence, but to the refusal of the King of Prussia, bowing before a storm of protest by the German Evangelicals, to fill the see when the nomination fell to him for the second time.

Last year saw yet another precedent for CSI, when the Convocations recognised the full validity of Swedish Lutheran orders and authorised a measure of intercommunion. But Anglo-Catholics were then so excited about the impending South India crisis that they almost forgot to register any protest at all. Yet Sweden is in full communion with the other Scandinavian churches, which make no claim to the Apostolic succession, and has this year entered into full communion with the Presbyterian Church of Scotland.

Here, as in South India, Anglican theologians appear to hold that the axioms of mathematics can be invalidated by geography. Yet if  $a = b$  and  $b = c$ , it follows that  $a = c$ . If English orders are equivalent to Swedish, and Swedish to Scottish, then triangularly it follows that Presbyterian orders are equivalent to Anglican. It is expediency, not theology, that arbitrarily declares this equation to be invalid in England. An analogous situation now exists in

South India. There, moreover, the orders explicitly declared by the Church of England to be equivalent to her own are orders conferred by bishops committed by their church's constitution to no "particular interpretation of episcopacy or to any particular view or belief concerning orders." Yet, while recent articles in *THE MONTH* have shown clearly the fallacy of reliance on the Preface to the Anglican ordinal as a guarantee of the Catholic intention of its form, this argument from the Preface has long been the chief strength of the Anglican defence; and in South India no such guarantee can even be alleged. This fact is forgotten by those apologists who argue that the validity of her episcopally conferred orders cannot be affected by CSI's mistaken belief in the validity of the orders of her parent nonconformist churches and of her own orders otherwise bestowed.

The machine of the Establishment has been captured from the Anglo-Catholics; in its doctrine of the ministry as in its policy the Church of England is moving further into the pan-Protestant orbit and has again decisively cut the ground from beneath Anglo-Catholic feet. Some have already realised this and have made their submission to the Church; others we believe are in the course of doing so.

In the 1940's the Council for the Defence of Church Principles published a series of pamphlets protesting against the South India scheme. The Heads of the Anglican religious orders declared that they had received weighty theological advice (believed to be mainly that of Gregory Dix) that the recognition of orders in such a context would cast grave doubts upon future episcopal consecrations in England. "The Church of England," wrote Dr. E. L. Mascall, "cannot speak with one voice to Rome and with another to the Protestants of South India." It would be interesting to know upon what theological grounds all these theologians have changed their minds and the then Secretary of the Church Union can now declare that "we need have no fears that the Convocation has compromised the Catholic faith and order of our Church."

It is, indeed, being urged that CSI "is moving in a Catholic direction." Yet its constitution still regards the transfusion of episcopacy as a pragmatic convenience rather than a theological necessity. Again, although as early as 1950 the Joint Committees expressed themselves satisfied with the administration of the

Sacraments in CSI, a letter from Mr. T. S. Garrett, of Tamilnad Theological College, in the *Church Times* of 12 August stated that less than half of the churches of South India use wine in the Holy Communion. Yet Dr. Darwell Stone, and presumably Anglican theologians in general, agree with Catholics that unfermented grape juice is not valid matter for the Eucharist.

Mr. T. S. Eliot, aptly describing CSI as "a prefabricated Church," continued: "this originality in its construction must strike anyone who examines the Draft Constitution. It reads like a prospectus for a company flotation." This novel conception of unity, of which South India is a type and possibly a forerunner, may be preferable to the scandal of divided and rival Protestant sects. But the unity gained is not a Catholic unity. Indeed it is undeniable that South India has widened the gulf between Anglican and Catholic, and we venture to doubt whether the Anglican claim to be a "bridge church" can now continue to be made. *Ecclesia Anglicana* is extending its settlements on the Protestant bank, but in the process it is assuming a shape which henceforth, even to the eye of the most optimistic, can wear no semblance of a bridge. Catholics cannot build a bridge of this nature—and the sense of this inability is the hardest part of being a Catholic—for there is no foothold on the shifting sands of the other shore. Those who would cross to us must do so by other and sometimes painfully sacrificial means. But there is no limit to the lifelines that we can throw out to those in distress and perplexity at the present time—lifelines of sympathy, of understanding, and above all of prayer. And for the valiant all the trumpets shall sound.

# INTERNATIONAL LAW IN THE COLD WAR

By

D. P. O'CONNELL

**T**HIS YEAR the United Nations has been celebrating its tenth anniversary. It has been notable that in the tributes paid to the work of the United Nations there has been lacking that starry-eyed optimism as to the possibility of ordering international politics in terms of the Rule of Law that characterised most discussions on the subject in the first post-war years. Within these last ten years the world has become "realistic" with a consequent hardening of conscience, and this has been especially true of the international lawyers. We have had a series of books since 1950, whose tone has been in marked contrast with that of the works of the previous five years. Mention may be made of Dr. Schwarzenberger's *Power Politics*. The latest is Professor Julius Stone's *Legal Controls of International Conflict*.<sup>1</sup> The moral implications of the line of reasoning indicated by these contributions to the study of international law are significant and serious. In no other field, it might be said, does theory have such an immediate and practical impact as in the field of international jurisprudence. The international lawyer cannot be indifferent to either the philosophical bases of the system he employs, or the political, economic and social factors deployed for its modification or overthrow. He must see his role as that of engineer of the international community rather than that of mechanic, must be, in short, a deviser of concepts and not merely their technician. The "realistic" attitude tends very often to amount to a "give it up" attitude, and this is inhibitive of constructive development.

It is a pity that Professor Stone has chosen the field of the law of war with which to make his initial impact, since concentration on those aspects of international law which are most a prey to technological advance and to changing moral emphasis as well as

<sup>1</sup> Maitland Publications, 1954.

to the facts of power politics might well be calculated to induce a mood of scepticism that is substantially unwarranted, although pardonable in the light of Professor Stone's realism. In a hundred day-to-day routine matters, States, through their Foreign Offices, automatically adjust themselves to widely accepted rules of law, and when they come into collision in the area of what is traditionally though curiously described as the "law of peace" it is significant that they take their stand, as a rule, not on a repudiation of rules of law but rather on empirically instanced exceptions to them. It is necessary at the outset of any critique of Professor Stone's work to make this caveat, that law, in the less momentous crises of international life, works and is to be regarded optimistically.

Professor Stone's study is substantially in that twilight between law and disorder that is called "the cold war." It is impossible to reduce this phenomenon of our time to historically conditioned dimensions. Traditional international law, far from constituting the framework of international order, is now the instrument by which the achievements of disorder may be realised without total disruption of international life. The Russians have become adept at manipulating the concepts of international law to dress up their purposes in the forms of respectability. The facts of international struggle have compelled us to do likewise, so that concepts such as "recognition" of governments have become more than ever geared to the realities of power politics; and there seems to be no alternative to this contorted legalism, which is why Professor Stone's book is depressing.

Of course it is impossible to discuss the interaction of politics and the legal forms through which they operate without understanding the nature and purposes of international law. It is almost a truism to say that the structure of international law today is a heritage of outmoded economic and social factors and of discarded philosophical values. There is need for a new orientation of mind before international law can be rendered fully functional; the international lawyer, as Professor Stone illustrates, must be as variable in his intellectual focus as his material is fluid in its content, must, in other words, promote what Professor Stone calls a "sociology" of international law. This does not mean, however, that all that is traditional is not valid. The international order, such as we find it today, is a

product of the Renaissance system of national States, and the reflections of the earliest commentators on that system, notably the Spaniards Vitoria and Suarez, are still valuable. These writers, commencing from natural law premises, deduced the moral order within which the national State could find a proper place, and accepted that a certain pattern of life between States and their subjects, or a consensus of conduct among mankind, was a necessary emanation from that moral order. Within the framework of their scholastic philosophy the "oughtness" of international morality and the "being" of international law were integral, and the one was merely a crystallisation of the other.

It is for this reason not completely true to say, as Professor Stone does, that Vitoria and Suarez "lacked the more fruitful notion of a consensus of States through State practice," or that "despite their sharp logical equipment of scholastic philosophy, neither of them envisaged (much less elaborated) the wide-ranging and complex mass of modern principles which certainly cannot be derived from any consensus of mankind." It is fundamental in the system of St. Thomas Aquinas, which Vitoria and Suarez inherited, that positive law, even in so far as it is amoral and emanates exclusively from the political order, impels obedience because elaborated within the framework of the human community and sanctioned by those aspects of natural law directed to the community's conservation. Suarez, in particular, clearly perceived that specific rules of international law would have to be elaborated by custom to reflect the pattern of life of the international community; it was his object, however, not to detail these rules but merely to relate their crystallisation to the moral order. In Suarez pre-eminently are the naturalist and positivist techniques of logic complementary to each other.

It was Grotius, writing in the era of the Thirty Years War, who undertook the detailed elaboration of rules of international law, and he did so by deduction from those fundamental principles of jurisprudence that Suarez would have described as derived from natural law through techniques of juristic reflection, and consolidated by custom. It is hardly accurate for Professor Stone to say that Grotius based his system on a twofold foundation—natural law and practice of States as evidence of it. It would have been more accurate to say he chose his principles by reference to practice as illuminating the natural law, so that the moral sanction

and the data of experience are not in opposition but are rather in intrinsic association. What exactly Grotius understood by natural law is not, however, completely clear. He speaks, for example, of the sack of cities as conforming with natural law, which suggests that he had fallen into the error of some Roman jurists, and the error that was later to characterise the social contract theory, of confusing what men actually do when beyond the bounds of restraint—or in the “state of nature”—with what they ought to do to fulfil their moral natures. In other words, “nature” in Grotius is an ambiguous expression. When this is understood it becomes evident that although Grotius took his ground substantially on that of Suarez he contains the seeds of future positivism. Having detached natural law from theology and dissociated the natural and divine laws he was left only with human reason as his starting point and with no moral sanction beyond the self-cancelling consequences of not conforming with the dictates of right reason. It was inevitable that he place exaggerated emphasis on the role of reason in deducing rules from fundamental principles. The scholastics of the Middle Ages had allowed that the further extended is the deduction, the more relative it becomes to mutable environmental factors, and hence the less valid it is as a value judgment. The successors of Grotius, writing in the “age of reason,” were far more dogmatic about their detailed rules of international law than any scholastic would have been. Hence, they elaborated great codes of international law of wondrous detail and comprehensiveness. But all this impressive structure rested on an altered and highly unstable foundation, for the rationalists had transformed natural law into the law of individual whim in a state of pre-social isolation, had, in short, replaced the ideal, and the notion of moral obligation, by the actual and the facts of moral irresponsibility. The law of self-preservation was as much the ultimate proposition in international law for Vattel as it was for Hobbes in the state of nature. It follows that consent only is the source of obligation, and the State is bound only as a result of its willingness to conform to rules of law, just as Rousseau’s savage is bound to respect the rules of society only so long as he agrees to be bound.

Rousseau’s great dilemma—how to attract the obligation of the recalcitrant—still plagues international lawyers. Various attitudes towards international law as “law” reflect efforts to

overcome Rousseau's problem. The "general will" notion finds expression in the theory that once States have agreed to be bound, no one of them can withdraw without the consent of the others. Professor Stone epitomises all critiques of Rousseau when he points out that the binding nature of this rule can only be derived from the binding nature of the framework within which it finds a place; which is as much as to admit that natural law, in the Suarezian sense, is the sanction. The "command" theory, under the impulse of Austin, assumes that you must discover a sovereign and a policeman in the international order before you can have law, and this underlines all efforts in this century to create an elaborate organisation of international legislation and enforcement. The fact that such instrumentalities can only function satisfactorily when States accept the moral community of nations emphasises the fact that international law and natural law cannot be divorced. This does not mean that natural law reasoning ignores actual experience and rules conventionally established; Professor Stone is quite incorrect in asserting that "a Puffendorf and his successors, down to Lorimer and Le Fur, must deny the validity as 'law' of rules based merely on agreement, custom or command." What is meant is that specific rules devised for their mutual accommodation by States can only be binding within a framework supplied by the notion of moral obligation. Repudiate the notion of obligation, found law, as the nineteenth century did, on experience alone, and there is, frankly, no way out of our present impasse, and the outlook for the future is infinitely depressing.

Professor Stone's conclusion on the positivist mentality has an urgency that compels our attention.

To fall back on the time-honoured formula that the law of nations must rest upon the common consent of civilised mankind, but that such consent is to be found in the consent of governments, because this is "the international equivalent of the supreme legislative authority which makes new law in any individual State," is to close in advance the only approach to the only salvation which is open to us. Obdurate adherence to such positions may permit international lawyers to limit their browsing to familiar pastures; they will not, in the present respectful view, advance knowledge of the factors on which the survival of international law depends.

In fact, of course, the notion of moral community is very much

operative in international relations. The concept of Justice, which Professor Stone sees in a relativistic sense as the constant leavening of rules of "law" in the application of old precedents to new situations, is really an absolute criterion of State conduct. Rules of law are elaborated and employed by a process of juristic speculation which is substantially independent of any State "will," and the general principles of law which any medievalist would describe as "secondary or derived principles of natural law" are resorted to by international tribunals for solution of routine problems between States. What Professor Stone describes as the "sociology" of international law consists in the speculative ordering of the facts of international conduct for the more smooth functioning of the inter-relationship of men. A "sociologically orientated" lawyer will approach the obstacles to such an ordering with the proper realism.

This blue print might seem fairly obvious to any commentator, but the traditional positivist, relying exclusively on precedent, data and experience, is inhibited from speculation. The aridity and the drastic limitations of the positivist mind are highlighted by everything Professor Stone says. He sets out to demolish all that is archaic and obstructive of development, and he commences with some pertinent criticisms of the notion of "international community" which forms the starting point for so many international law propositions. He points out that despite extended techniques of communication and information, States today fill the role of insulating human beings from each other more completely than ever before. Mass indoctrination with a nationalist focus; mass isolation of whole populations behind "iron curtains"; mass organisation of commercial and industrial relationships, all these minimise cultural intercourse and so diminish the realities of international community. He wonders, indeed, if it is true to describe the current maelstrom of ideologically motivated States as a "community."

In all this, of course, Professor Stone is sound, but it leads him to a process of logic not notably different from that of the positivists whom he validly criticises. When Suarez spoke of a community of men he did not necessarily mean an actually existing one, although he was also prepared to affirm it, but an ideal community demanded or required by the exigencies of human nature. The fact is that men do live in association with each other,

are endowed with the same fundamental attributes and the same consequential natural rights—even the United Nations has unanimously affirmed this. Philosophically speaking, there is a real community of men which of its nature escapes the bounds of the State system and embraces the globe. The function of international law is to reflect and order this moral community. If actual association of men does not fully correspond with the emanations from this moral community that does not imply a total divorce of “is” and “ought.” To speculate whether or not the “cold war” has given rise to two communities of nations and to two consequential systems of international law is neither necessary nor desirable. The very fact that the two State systems coexist produces, philosophically speaking, the basis of law. The sociologically minded international lawyer, therefore, must elaborate a doctrine that will minimise rather than intensify the impact of the modern independent State upon the community of men. Suarez’s answer to Professor Stone’s problem is quite up-to-date and quite satisfactory. It is worth quotation in full:

The human race has a certain unity which is political and moral, from which it follows that although any state may be a community, it is nevertheless a member of that whole which constitutes the human race; for such a community is never so completely self-sufficing but that it requires some mutual help and intercourse with others, sometimes for the sake of some benefit to be obtained, but sometimes, too, from the moral necessity and craving which are apparent from the very habits of mankind. On this account, therefore, a law is required by which states may have rights directly and regulated in this kind of intercourse with one another. And although to a great extent this may be supplied by the natural law, still not adequately nor directly, and so it has come about that the usages of states have themselves led to the establishment of special rules. For, just as within an individual state, custom gives rise to law, so, for the human race as a whole, usages have led to the growth of the law of nations, and this the more easily, inasmuch as the matters with which law as such deals are few and are closely connected with the law of nature from which they may be deduced by inference, which though not strictly necessary, as to constitute laws of absolute moral obligation, still are very conformable and agreeable to nature, and therefore readily accepted by all.

We must, in short, remain idealists, even while we strive to be realists. As a realist Professor Stone takes due account of the con-

sequences in international politics of the Marxist theory of society, which is, after all, the genesis of the cold war. He acknowledges the persistence of the Marx-Leninist view of a world divided into two camps, capitalist and socialist, each dedicated to inevitable and perpetual friction with the other until the former evaporates—as the national State is destined to do, the whole process assisted by the probe from the other side. In such an explanation of society there is, of course, no place for international law. When Russia resorts to international law, as she is extremely fond of doing, it is not because the rule of law is the foundation of society, but because in the transitional stage of expanding socialism and contracting capitalism international law usefully subserves an ideological purpose. It is at once a protection for Communist States—which is why there is so much emphasis in Russian and Chinese policy statements on “sovereignty”—and a means of keeping the other camp “off-side” and on the defensive. There is ample Soviet literature on this subject which Professor Stone accurately epitomises. He concludes:

The Soviet Union stands in such matters on the most conservative version of traditional rules. This attitude of *noli me tangere* is most consistently pressed in favour of Communist States, and of those States which in the Soviet view observe a “democratic minimum.” It becomes formal to the point of abandonment however in relation to States deemed to be “fascist” such as present-day Spain. The concepts of “democratic minimum” and “fascist” naturally give much manoeuvring space and manipulative opportunity to Soviet international law in concrete situations. The “intervention” which is anathema to the conservative Soviet conception of international law, can also be acclaimed as against particular States to be the mightiest instrument of progress, a surgical measure to ease the birth pangs of the new world.

Professor Stone’s conclusions should be proclaimed from the housetops for the instruction of those sentimentalists who believe that “peaceful coexistence” means the same to the Marxist as it does to us.

Professor Stone’s essentially positivist technique is illustrated by his handling of the traditional divisions of the law of war and neutrality. His purpose is to catalogue the pressures brought to bear on these subjects by the “cold war,” by the atomic bomb, by all the obvious ideological, social and technological changes that

have taken place. His attitude is not unlike that of many Continentals whose intellectual environment has been formed by the neo-Kantian divorce of the "is" and the "ought." It is quite common to hear the proposition that once war is, there is nothing you may not do to win it, that war by definition is outside the scope of morality and of law. One thing must be made clear, and that is that if you think along these lines you will act along them, and if the world thinks along them, the world will act accordingly; ideas prompt conduct, and ideas must therefore be ordered. By the time he has finished with the traditional law of war Professor Stone leaves us little to grasp upon. All, in the last resort, is reducible to *kriegsraison*, even if the doctrine that necessity knows no restraint is repudiated. One is left with the frustrated feeling that, following the experience of the last two wars, there is no law that a State will allow to stand in its way to survival, and that the concept of total war legitimates any weapon and any tactic. The relevance to total war of bombing of a town where people work in a factory making buttons for soldier's uniforms, or even of the shooting up of peasants' cows, needs no great elaboration.

What then of the Nuremberg trials? Professor Stone denies that the maxim "no penalty without law" enshrines a rule of law. It is merely an ethical proposition. And since "killing, maiming, torturing, and humiliating innocent people are acts condemned by the value-judgments of all civilised men, and punishable by every civilised municipal legal system," the accused had no equitable claims on the maxim, and were properly condemned; justice was done. If Professor Stone were prepared to commit himself, and could be persuaded to abandon the rigid positivist distinction between law and ethics, he would acknowledge that this was natural law reasoning, and might accept that the "value-judgments of all civilised men" on the acts of the accused had induced actual law; in which case he might reason that the accused were properly condemned for breaches of law resting on common consensus, and that the maxim, whether it be one of law or ethics, had no application at all. Only on natural law propositions can the Nuremberg verdict be upheld. Professor Stone wants both to have his cake and to eat it; he wants to approve of what was done at Nuremberg, and yet at the same time his hypothetical divorce of law and ethics denies him the only ground for so doing.

Professor Stone's realism, while refreshing in contrast with the sentimental optimism of some other writers in the first five years of the postwar era, comes dangerously close to scepticism. He describes his "deep sense of dissatisfaction . . . with the ever-widening incongruity between international law as formulated even on paper of the highest authority and the actual conduct of inter-State relations: between, in particular, its rules as formulated by publicists and its rules as applied by State officials." To illustrate the tension between theory and fact he resorts to a novel technique of material arrangement. The chapters contain traditional doctrine on the law of war and peace enforcement; they are orthodox and conservative in exposition and conclusion. But appended to them are "Discourses" which are designed to show the law in action, or rather to highlight the contrast between the law and power politics. This is mainly contemporary data, and the ordering and digesting of this data is Professor Stone's real achievement. The interaction of the theory in the chapters with the facts in the Discourses, serves to emphasise the dynamic character of international law, but it also suggests the view that the law should follow the facts, and not vice versa: which is, on any terms, a dangerous hypothesis. It is like saying that, because the law is non-enforceable in a wild west town, there is no law. The author's attitude is epitomised in his comment on German practices towards private property, that "whether they were legal or not, they raise the question whether modern warfare on its economic side may not have overtaken this branch of the law." While Professor Stone is often on sound ground in his criticism of the "formal position" and "evasive circuitry" of the traditionalists, he is not exactly constructive in his description of the Hague Regulations as a "somewhat exotic survival," which remain where they were but "no longer command the landscape." It is all very well to speak of a sociology of international law, but what exactly is meant by the expression does not clearly emerge from a classification of the points of pressure and corrosion. Sociology, like political liberalism, is a sponge, capable of absorbing any content, and of having any content squeezed out of it, and when it comes up against a clear-cut doctrine like Marxism it can offer no resistance. A sociology of international law must be contained within an integrated philosophy to be meaningful. Professor Stone merely tempts us along the appointed path and

leaves us amid the welter of facts. His propositions of law are thus inconclusive. Of course this absence of conclusion is not even substantially the fault of the author; there is the same inconclusiveness in the discussions of moralists and theologians on the use of the atomic bomb. The truth is that the problem of value-judgment in these matters is too immense.

Professor Stone's main point is that we shall never solve the questions posed by the interaction of law and politics unless we face them candidly. He points out how outmoded many of our concepts of English law—in the field of neutrality, for example—have been rendered by the changing emphasis in the role of economics in warfare. Contraband control is now of much less significance than elaborate devices of fund-freezing and control of credit at the source of strategic raw materials. On these subjects Professor Stone, though restricted by a lack of space, despite his 700 pages, has made a useful contribution and established the basis of future work.

The book is especially valuable in its analysis of power politics in the United Nations. Much of the material has been discussed by others, but Professor Stone's approach has a juristic autonomy that is lacking in other works. Whether the Korean War was properly characterised as "police-action" or as "war"; whether the member-States were at war; whether the resolutions of the Security Council to take action were valid in the absence of Russia, all are vital topics if the Korean affair is to find a proper place in the evolution of international machinery—and if it is not the casualties there will have been largely in vain. One might take issue with Professor Stone on the significance of Russian abstention from the vote to take action in Korea, but the main argument is clear and largely incontrovertible. Just how the law of the United Nations is and can be manipulated is illustrated by discussion of the "uniting for peace resolutions" of the General Assembly, devised to side-step the veto, and by analysis of the place in the framework of international relations occupied by the regional arrangements such as SEATO. To anyone who wishes to be closely informed and to have the facts of international practice in the age of the "cold war" logically ordered for him, Professor Stone's book is indispensable.

# SEAN O'RIORDAIN AND THE GAELIC REVIVAL

By

DAVID MARCUS

**D**URING the last ten years or so Ireland has found that her native Gaelic tongue is exhibiting an unexpected literary revival and that it has produced at least one poet who is considered by many to be greater than any other in Ireland to-day. The poet in question, Sean O'Riordain (in English—John Rearden) is one of the very few major ones that the Irish language has ever thrown up, and it is generally agreed that one would have to go back over two hundred years to find a Gaelic poet to rival him.

Before one can examine or appreciate O'Riordain's achievement one must try to explain him as a phenomenon—the phenomenon that in the middle of the twentieth century, when Irish is spoken by less than five per cent of the population, such a poet should arise at all. In a paradoxical way, the explanation lies to a great extent in this very desuetude of the Irish language. The poets of a few hundred years ago and earlier were, in the main, chroniclers. They wrote for the mass of the people, and by tradition they wrote to be heard rather than to be read. Consequently they were not expected or required to indulge in introspection or personal comment to any serious degree. Their job was to sing of whatever touched the ordinary, average peasant, and their themes were the broadest themes expressed in the broadest terms. But with the eighteenth century and the real decline of the Irish language, the writing of poetry petered out, to be practised only fitfully and very much in a cultural vacuum, if not indeed in an atmosphere of opposition.

Then, about fifteen years ago, rather suddenly as it seemed, a revival commenced. Of course the soil was there all the time and it

was not completely seedless—such a revival could not spring out of a complete void. But two things happened which softened the hitherto caked top-soil and allowed the plant to shoot forth. In 1939 the governing body of the Gaelic League (the official guardians of the Gaelic tongue) instituted annual prizes for poetry; and in 1943 an Irish monthly magazine was founded, to be followed by what one could fairly call a glut of others, so that today there are over half-a-dozen Gaelic newspapers and reviews which give more than lip-service to poetry.

As a result of this the poet had, all at once, an adequate platform and—rather to his surprise—an adequate public. Thus, the time was distinctly propitious for the emergence of a leader. There still remained, however, that gap of two hundred years in the practice of poetry. The old tradition was all but lost—and even if it could be re-discovered it could hardly be of much use to the new poet and his new public. Gaelic poetry could no longer be written for the ear, but only for the eye and the mind. The old, broadly-handled themes were completely unsuited to the twentieth-century temperament as vehicles of poetic thought—they had, to a great extent, been taken over and debased by Hollywood and Tin Pan Alley. Poetry now needed a new depth and reality if it was to resurrect itself.

Against such a background Sean O' Riordain arose to mould the new tradition of modern Gaelic poetry that the times demanded. He gave the people vital, deeply felt poetry, and in a form that had rid itself of the ancient traditional metres which had so fettered his predecessors. As might be expected, there were many critics who took him to task for this, claiming that his new voice was almost an insult to the old tradition. But he himself, whatever his poetry might suggest, was still filled with respect for the work and style of his ancestors; he knew how much he had to draw from them, despite the centuries between them and him. In *Old Poets, Teach Me the Spell*, he said:

There are words if only I knew them,  
Hid in the mist of time,  
And I'm seeking to follow and woo them  
Since the age stirred my desire. . . .

Old poets, the spell now teach me  
That will body my ghostly child.

And elsewhere he says of his poetry that

My grandsire took a hand in it,  
At the poetry he practised never,  
His poems were the cows he milked  
On his farm in County Kerry.

He was versed in milking's mysteries,  
And knew his way round udders,  
So I pass a vote of thanks to him  
For all the teats he tugged at.

But quite apart from the new technical approach to poetry, he brought to it also a new mental attitude—one that involved him in a reverberating controversy when he tried to explain it in the preface to *A Robin's Tail*, his recently published collection.

What is poetry? [he asks]. The mind of a child? Imagine two in a room, a child and its father, and a horse passing along the street outside. The father looks out and says: "That's Mr. X's horse going to the Fair." That is statement. By all appearances, the father loses the horse because he stays outside it. Call the horse a contagion. The father is not infected with the contagion. The horse does not enrich the father's life. But the child—he hears the sound of the horse. He tastes the sound of the horse for the sound's sake. And he listens to the sound getting less and less and falling down into silence. And the sound is a wonder to him and the silence is a wonder. And he considers the hind-feet of the horse and wonders at their authority and antiquity. And the world is full of horse-wonderment and trotting-spells. That is being. And that, to me, is poetry. The child lives in the guise of a horse. . . .

That is O'Riordain's explanation of poetry, and it is perfectly caught in his poem *Turnabout*:

"Come here," said Turnbull, "and see the sorrow  
In the horse's eyes,  
If you had his big hooves under you there'd be sorrow  
In your eyes too."

And 'twas clear that he well understood the sorrow  
In the horse's eyes—  
Had considered it until he had plumbed the very marrow  
Of the horse's mind.

I gave a look at the horse to see the sorrow  
 Standing up in his eyes,  
 I saw Turnbull's eyes tracking me like an arrow  
 From the horse's skull.

I gave Turnbull a look that was mean and narrow  
 And I saw in his head  
 Those over-big eyes that were dumb with sorrow—  
 The horse's eyes.

O'Riordain followed up this idealistic conception of poetry with an even more personal and difficult suggestion. Every person, he says, has a fundamental mould or soul. This he calls their "prayer." But in addition, everything, be it what it may, also has its own "prayer." So a poem carries the prayer of the poet speaking through the theme or idea or materials of the poem as well as the prayer of the material speaking through the poet. (Not to mention the prayer of the poem itself, for the poem is a separate, new entity arising from the combination of poet and material.)

It was ideas such as these that shocked many critics, and their objections all seemed to sum up to the single complaint that O'Riordain was tampering with poetry and the language as a result of his not being a one hundred per cent native-speaker of Irish. Such a charge has, in fact, some little substance. O'Riordain was born, in 1917, in Ballyvourney (a very small village in Co. Cork) in a home where his father was a native speaker although his mother spoke only English. English was, consequently, his home-language, but from the very beginning he was fluent too in Irish because next door to him lived his old grandmother, a woman who had only the language of her ancestors and who, pipe in fist, used to recount to him night after night the ancient, wonderful, bardic tales. In the district round about, English was only beginning to take hold, and so, though the inhabitants spoke it in daily discourse they still thought in Irish. At the age of fifteen, O'Riordain went to school in Cork, and since then has lived and worked in the city, set in a completely English environment. Therefore, even in technique, his work displays that turnabout of which his poetic ideas are formed—whereas he sprang from stock which, though speaking English, was still thinking in Irish, his poetry, written in Irish, often gives an impression of having been thought out in English.

Basically O'Riordain conforms to a salient pattern in the general picture of contemporary poetry: he is a metaphysical/religious poet whose work seems to be by Hopkins out of Eliot. Not that modern European poetry or Hopkins or Eliot have been conscious influences on him—Hopkins has been, as O'Riordain himself admits, though only as much as shows now and again in a certain texture of religious exaltation; but he had half his present output of work completed before he even read Eliot. And yet it is Eliot that Irish critics most often compare him to. O'Riordain's explanation of this is the simple one that the problems of today are the same almost everywhere and so it is natural for different countries to produce poets and writers who display the same concerns, and to some extent, the same attitudes. O'Riordain's poetry certainly covers much of the same ground as Eliot's: Sin, Repentance, the struggle between Good and Evil in the soul.

O'Riordain has this preoccupation all through his work, this see-saw that twists and turns him, first one way, then the next. In one of his early poems, *The Question*, he says:

This summer I'll be on Death's route:  
Shall I scatter flowers while there's still a chance,  
Or crush desire beneath my boot,  
Hoping in after-life to dance?

Does the after-life exist  
Behind the hill, beneath the spade?  
If while I lived I never kissed,  
Shall I be kissed when I've decayed?

This poem may appear to be a not unconventional, light-hearted, even trivial statement of a general question that has always troubled mankind—except for that odd first line "This year I'll be on Death's route," which would probably be taken as poetic licence. But it is not poetic licence. O'Riordain is far from being light-hearted about death, and the poem is one of the many he wrote during two long years he spent in a sanatorium. This lengthy withdrawal from the world, with all the suffering and fear it entailed, has naturally served to emphasise, and even increase, the rapid change of mood in his nature, and to high-light the see-saw element in his work. Sometimes his poetry sings with a despairing lyricism, as in *An Invitation*:

I'd love to spend a night with thee,  
 To hear thy voice is sweet,  
 Thy lips are a divinity,  
 Thy sins a saint's defeat.

Oh, come to me and speak to me,  
 My thirst for thee is a goad;  
 Oh, dissipate the night with me,  
 Intoxicate my road.

Light up my looks—grow them an ear  
 For the coloured cry of the cows;  
 Draw near and I'll hear as clear as clear  
 The secret song of the rose.

My love, don't stay too far away  
 For this drunkenness fades like a smudge  
 And the river has only grammar to say  
 And I'm as dull as a judge.

But it always returns to that struggle for his soul, the terrible drag  
 exerted on him by Good and Evil, so that he is bounced between  
 the two like a cork in the waves, as in *Easter Sunday*:

Easter Sunday, shame to tell,  
 Was the day on which I fell  
     Into sheer corporeity,  
 Christ had to evacuate my brain  
 Back to His Bible-base again.

Down here they've blacked out  
     Every light.  
 Day in the body  
     Is always night.

Each thought is a midget  
     Here below,  
 Inside the body  
     The ceiling's low.

Each monkey-inmate  
     Industrious, tries  
 To liquidate  
     The other's lice.

Caught one? Up brown  
 Triumphant paw,  
 And gulp it down  
 Like spirits raw!

Peter! Open wide the gate,  
 The Book's slammed in my face,  
 Amid its words I'll seek  
 Christ till the dawn shall break.

Easter Sunday, day of glee,  
 Turned was my mind's captivity,  
 Peter opened up the book,  
 Following Christ my way I took  
 Straight onward through the Bible.

But it is not always that the forces of Good win this struggle, as in *Easter Sunday*. Sometimes O'Riordain is drawn, one would imagine, over the border to that country of the damned which he depicts with an almost existentialist starkness in a poem called *Freedom*:

Ah, disillusion yawns for  
 The giddy mind that's fallen  
 Where freedom's deeps are calling.  
 We find within those borders  
 No hills God made or ordered,  
 But ghost-hills of the thought-world,  
 Abstract or metaphoric,  
 Each hill is full of longings  
 Like climbers pressing onwards  
 That never rest in objects  
 Fruition never comes there.  
 Freedom that wills no limit,  
 Hills of undefined ideal,  
 Desire with no "Dont's" in it,  
 Unwill their own fulfilment,  
 And never reach the real.

But entry into this land does not carry with it the forgetfulness of what is left behind, and in his almost tortured wracking between desire and repentance, O'Riordain's poetry is often set in a continent of dark, gloomy imagery, peopled with wrestling shadows,

black night, and sudden, terrifying screams and storms. Then it is that despair envelops him and gives rise to a poem like *Christmas Night of the Women*:

Last night—the Women's Christmas Night—  
 From the madhouse behind the moon  
 There escaped a storm that had Samson's might  
 As it screamed through the sky like a loon.  
 The grating gates were gagging geese,  
 The river a bronchial bull,  
 And my candle was doused with a splutter of grease  
 By a wind that hit it full.

I hope that self-same storm will come  
 The night that I am weak,  
 From the dance of Life returning home  
 As the light of sin grows bleak,  
 That the chilling screams will lash like whips  
 And the crazy cries will drown  
 Both the sound of the silence as through me it slips  
 And the battery running down.

Until, however, that final storm comes and he feels the silence moving through him, O'Riordain is concerned with discovering his real self, finding out which image reflects his true nature, and trying, as in *Wait*, to pin it in words:

I'm not the me that here I see  
 In the mirror on the wall,  
 All I see yesterday or today  
 Is a likeness that has no appeal,  
 Me in there and me out here  
 But the right me nowhere at all . . . .

Though O'Riordain sometimes does display an interest in something outside himself, most of his poems have the same gloomy, but not dull, preoccupation. He claims himself that he feels his poetry is becoming less personal, and if this be true, it will be a development of the greatest interest. But as yet, due perhaps to the time-lag between a poet's deepest feelings and their reflection in his best work, his poetry does not display any major change. He is still revealed as a person at a perpetual crossroads, taking a few tentative steps down each laneway and then being pulled back by

the magnetism of the road he didn't take, still feeling that his stay in this world is only a sojourn, a time of trial, and yet unable quite to accept such a realisation with complete surrender. He digs for the truth, scratches to uncover its basic image in himself and in his world, remaining, for the moment anyway, what he calls himself in the final poem of his collection, *The Dilettante*:

My thoughts tonight are unabrasive,  
They're indirect under night's opaqueness,  
Frontal attack is what I'm afraid of,  
Being, in mental build, evasive.

Avoid the eddy each thought has in it,  
'Twill have you out of your depth in a minute,  
Keep you revolving without a finish  
To eternal movement once committed. . . .

In hell no breath of wind is stirring,  
In hell no thoughts come to disturb one,  
My soul is ready for immersion,  
There's wine and women to divert one,

Some volumes of the latest literature,  
And the Third Programme to tune into,  
Records of all Beethoven's symphonies,  
Argument on points political,

I have a copy of the whole Bible  
Which I mean to read when I have time to  
And learn all languages but Irish,  
And remain the Trimmer my fate designed me.

(The translations quoted are by the Rev. Coslett Quin and David Marcus.)

# THE RETURN TO OBEDIENCE

*New Judgment on Cardinal Pole*

By

J. H. CREHAN

ON 20 November, 1554, when Mary Tudor had been Queen for fifteen months, Cardinal Pole the Papal Legate landed at Dover, and ten days later in the presence of Philip and Mary he gave a solemn absolution from heresy and schism to the assembled legislature, Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons, of England. The historian who judges that most men act for fairly low motives has been content to interpret these proceedings as the result of a bargain that was struck before Pole ever set out from Brussels on his way to England, a bargain to this effect, that the nobility should agree to the return of England to the old religion if they in their turn were secured in the peaceful possession of the monastic and other church lands which they had held for the last twenty years. Such does indeed seem to have been the intention of the Privy Council, some of whose members, such as Paget, Petre, Pembroke, Sussex, Cornwallis and others, had not done so badly in this matter of the abbey lands, but Pole's intentions were vastly different, and there exists plenty of evidence, some of it quite neglected hitherto, to show what these intentions were and how he succeeded in carrying them out.

Before setting out from the Continent Pole wrote to Pope Julius III on 26 October, 1554 saying that he was anxious simply about this, that "so noble and holy a work (as the reconciliation of England and the Holy See) should be nobly and holily negotiated and accomplished, and how could it be so, if they were to reduce the matter to an offer of the church lands, and thus make as it were a purchase of the obedience (of England)?"<sup>1</sup> On her side the

<sup>1</sup> *Calendar of State Papers, Venetian*, Vol. V, p. 585.

Queen directed the Council (and the paper in which she drafted her instructions still survives) that:

Such as have commission to talk to My Lord Cardinall at his first coming touching the goods of the Church should have recourse to him at the least once in a week not only for the putting those matters in execution as much as may be before the Parliament but also to understand of him which way might be best to bring to good effect those matters that have been begun concerning religion.<sup>1</sup>

Thus the Queen, while inclined to defer to the Cardinal, was anxious to have the matter of the abbey lands settled before any general religious reconciliation was effected. Expressions of popular feeling had not been lacking. The Commons had introduced a Bill "that the Bishop of Rome nor any other bishop shall not convent any person for any abbey lands" and had been persuaded by the Lords to drop it on the score that such a direct attack would be a mistake in tactics.<sup>2</sup> Paget himself had confessed to the Queen<sup>3</sup> one day that he had only opposed the special legislation about her husband's position "because Lord Rich persuaded me that the intention of it was to wrest the goods of the Church from them that hold them," and this could plausibly have been said, for there had been some idea<sup>4</sup> that the Emperor should act as mediator between England and the Pope about the abbey lands, and once the Emperor's son was given the position of a true king in England, he might use the royal prerogative to enforce such mediation.

Pole reached London on 24 November, and on 28 November Parliament heard him explain what he had come to do and how he proposed to effect the reconciliation with the Holy See. In his speech to the two Houses Pole said that he had an authority from His Holiness to make them part of the Catholic Church. He enlarged upon the past history of relations with Rome and declared that the breach had come about through avarice and sensuality, "and 'twas first started and carried on by the unbridled appetite and licentiousness of a single person." Then he came to the business in hand:

But notwithstanding my being entrusted with the Keys I am not in a condition to use them till some obstructions are removed on your

<sup>1</sup> Collier, *An Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain* (1714), II, 372.

<sup>2</sup> Dixon, *History of the Church of England* (1891), IV, 170.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 171.

<sup>4</sup> *Cal. S. P., Venetian*, V, 423.

part. But, before I proceed farther, I must solemnly declare I have no prejudicial instructions to any person. My commission is not to pull down but to build; to reconcile, not to censure; to invite, but without compulsion. My business is not to proceed by way of retrospection or to question things already settled. As for what passed, it shall be all overlooked and forgotten. However, to qualify yourselves for this advantage, 'twill be necessary to repeal those laws which have broken the Catholic unity."<sup>1</sup>

The Absolution was discussed separately in both Houses on 29 November and a petition for it was drawn up, and then on 30 November in a joint session Pole absolved the legislature from all heresy and schism amid general rejoicing. In the five days since his arrival in London there had been no room for the weekly meetings with Council which the Queen had desired, but it is known from the Venetian dispatches that Pole had been seen by the King, who argued with him that the reconciliation would never go through unless the holders of Church property were allowed to retain it. "To this after much discussion the Legate at length said that, should the Pope have to condescend to some indulgence for the removal of the impediments to so holy and necessary a work, this would be done after the completion of the return to obedience, and that then this indulgence might be used on account of the hardness of their hearts."<sup>2</sup> It would thus seem that Pole was mainly intent on the spiritual purpose of his mission, beside which nothing else really mattered. He was a scholar and not a diplomat, but he may also have been aware that once the reconciliation had been effected, it would be hard for the Council to go back on it by refusing to agree to whatever composition Pole might offer them for the abbey lands. If the negotiations had taken place before the reconciliation and if it had been made contingent upon their favourable result, Pole might have gone back to the Continent empty handed. It is not possible to say if he was really aware of the value of his insistence on putting the reconciliation first for the negotiations that were to follow, or if this was just another case of simple faith winning its reward.

The Venetian report, which was drawn up by someone in touch with Pole when the whole affair was over, continues by saying that in the interval between the reconciliation of 30 November and the bringing in of the Bill to repeal the anti-

<sup>1</sup> Collier, II, 373.

<sup>2</sup> *Cal. S. P., Venetian*, VI, 9.

papal laws of the last twenty years (in the early days of January 1555):

Pole did all he could to recover something for the Church. When he saw that this was impossible, in order not to impede the completion of so important a work and for the public welfare and quiet of England, he condescended in such a way to the retention of this property that everybody might easily perceive that his dispensation was a mere permission given on account of the hardness of their hearts, as he would never consent to add to the dispensation the clause that they might without any scruple of conscience continue to hold such lands, although he was several times strongly urged to do so, and this he did to leave in their hands a prick or goad, which might in due time move them to make some restitution as some of them have done already.<sup>1</sup>

Hitherto it has not been possible to trace out what efforts Pole made during December towards achieving his purpose. It was indeed known that on 7 December the Convocation of the clergy petitioned their Majesties that monastic lands which had been alienated since 1530 should not be restored to the Church lest this impede the work of reconciliation. Clearly every possible pressure was being put on Pole to make him yield, if the very clergy who stood to benefit by the settlement were against him, but our knowledge of the actual negotiations has been quite meagre. None the less there has been an account of them lying for years in the British Museum,<sup>2</sup> which may be summarised here. It is a letter written by Alvise Priuli, the secretary and dear friend of Pole, to his opposite number in Rome, the secretary of Cardinal Morone who was Cardinal Protector of England. The letter was written on 22 December, and a postscript was added on 24 December.

Yesterday, writes Priuli (*i.e.*, 21 December), Pole was with the Queen and the Council, and they alleged that no outsider should have any say in the disposal of goods or lands in England without the authority of Parliament. (This was the position fortified by the old Statutes of Praemunire.) They based this on the philosophical ground that England was a *societas perfecta*, a complete civil society, having its parts, Spirituality, Lords and Commons, duly knit together and a Sovereign for head, just like any living human body. They cited ancient Statutes about this position, especially

<sup>1</sup> *Cal. S. P., Venetian*, VI, 10.

<sup>2</sup> *Brit. Mus. Add. MSS.* 41577, Correspondence of Pole, fol. 161 foll.

those touching the disputes of Edward III with the Pope about Church property, and also the laws of Henry VIII and Edward VI (which, of course, had not yet been repealed). At this point the Queen intervened to say that she could not take notice of what had been done under Edward VI, and that if she had to do so, she would rather abdicate. This support for Pole was perhaps a surprise to the Council, if, as has already been remarked, the King had been anxious to see the Council satisfied about their lands. Clearly an abdication crisis at this moment would not please the people, who had so recently acclaimed the reconciliation, and it might leave some members of the Council high and dry, for they had by now committed themselves to Mary, and to have to call in Elizabeth at this juncture would not be easy, even for so wily a diplomat as William Paget. It is perhaps significant that Mary referred only to the laws of Edward VI and did not, if we can trust the account, mention Henry VIII. What had been taken away from the Church in Edward's time was not the larger part, for the two Suppressions of the monasteries had been Henry's work, and only the chantries and some smaller pickings were left to Edward. Perhaps Mary was hinting at the kind of compromise she would be prepared to accept. The argument of Gardiner, the Lord Chancellor, who spoke after the Queen, would throw light on this, but unfortunately Priuli did not report him in detail, saying only that he brought up some legal arguments. It would seem that Priuli, who must have been present in attendance on Pole, could not follow the Lord Chancellor into the intricacies of English law.

Pole spoke after Gardiner. He blamed the civil lawyers in the Council (this would cover Lord Paget, Lord Rich, Sir Richard Southwell and other architects of the Reformation) for what excesses Henry had committed as a legislator, for they had been his advisers once the bishops withdrew from him. He then turned to their political philosophy, telling them roundly that they had gone out of their depth in using an argument about perfect societies. The kingdom of England could indeed be likened to a human body, but it should be compared to a man who was a Christian. In its likeness to individual human nature it did not differ from the kingdoms of the pagans and infidels, though even here the Roman republic would have given some lessons in political wisdom to their Lordships, for in pagan Rome it was the law that once property had been dedicated to the gods it could not be

applied to any profane use or brought under civil jurisdiction, and here he told them the tale of Cicero's house, which during his exile had been dedicated to the gods by his enemy Clodius, so that Cicero could not regain it on his return. But in its likeness to a man who was a Christian, England was not a body but a member of the one body that was Christendom, as were all other Christian nations, and this body had the Pope for head. To him belonged not only the disposition of spiritual matters concerning faith and the salvation of souls but also the right to dispose of those temporal goods which had been freely dedicated and consecrated to the worship of God. Hence the will of Parliament was not sufficient to determine the title to them or to alter the right to possess them. Here he enlarged upon the iniquity of the spoliation, quoting once more pagan examples, telling them the story of Brennus the Gaul and the fate of the *aurum Tolosanum*, the stolen gold of the temple at Toulouse. He showed how God had already begun to show his displeasure against the principal authors of the spoliation; he cited the fate of Thomas Cromwell, and after him that of the Lord Protector who had been one of the chief beneficiaries of the taking over of the chantries; finally he came to Northumberland who had usurped the possessions of a bishopric and whose disgrace and death they had witnessed so recently. Then he turned to Fisher and Thomas More, calling them the beginning of salvation for the kingdom, for it must be that their intercession with God won safety for the Queen in her captivity and produced the present good-will of the Pope.

To the legal arguments of the Council Pole answered that Innocent III and the Fourth Council of the Lateran in 1215 had made it clear that the authority of civil rulers did not permit them to alienate the lands of the Church; he mentioned that there was a letter of Edward III to the Pope admitting him as spiritual overlord and asking his help against spiritual abuses in England: finally he cited the papal dispensation granted to Wolsey for his dealing with the monastic lands that went to the foundation of Christ Church at Oxford. Having thus met the legal case that had been advanced, the Cardinal moved to his peroration. The councillors must not make their homage to the Pope into a mocking lip-service such as the Jews had rendered to Christ when they said: Hail, king of the Jews. They must remember that their title to monastic lands depended on the papal concession and not on any

Act of Parliament. The Queen spoke again in support of Pole, and the lawyers then said that they would confer with him again privately about the matter. Thus ends this remarkable account of a meeting hitherto unknown to historians and of great moment in Tudor history.

Priuli did not send his letter off at once, but added a postscript on 24 December, saying that at a private conference on 23 December: "the same Lords and judges" had reached an agreement with Pole that all Acts made against papal authority during the schism should be repealed and the position restored to what it was in the first twenty years of Henry VIII, while in the matter of the Church lands the *status quo* should be maintained (*che si ha da stare*). In other words, the holders of the lands would obtain no confirmation from Pole but would receive assurances that they were not going to be cited to Rome to show cause why they did not make restitution to the Church or the monks. This postscript was printed in the Venetian Calendar<sup>1</sup> as an unknown scrap, having been copied by Rawdon Brown from a manuscript in St. Mark's library, a library in which the British Museum manuscript of the whole letter was preserved until recent times. The support of this evidence makes it easy to accept the British Museum document as a fair copy of Priuli's holograph.

On Christmas eve, as Priuli was adding his postscript, Pole signed the canonical dispensation and made his Christmas present to the nobility of England. The wording was carefully chosen. Parliament had asked that:

For the avoiding of all scruples that might grow . . . it might please your Majesties to be intercessors and mediators to the said Right Reverend Father Cardinal Poole . . . that all such causes and quarrels as . . . might be moved by the Pope's Holiness . . . or by any other jurisdiction ecclesiastical might be utterly removed and taken away, so that all persons having sufficient conveyance of the said lands by the Common Law . . . may without scruple of conscience enjoy them without impeachment or trouble by pretence of any General Council or laws ecclesiastical and clear from all danger of the censures of the Church.<sup>2</sup>

Pole's dispensation, which was incorporated into the Act, speaks of removing all the pains and penalties ecclesiastical which the

<sup>1</sup> *Cal. S. P., Venetian*, V, 598.

<sup>2</sup> *Statutes*, 1 and 2 Philip and Mary, cap. 8.

holders of Church lands had become liable to, but does not go into the matter of title. In practice this would mean that, as the holders were not to be disturbed, now or in the future, for their detention of Church lands (thus ran the text), they were as good as confirmed in title, but this confirmation was not given in so many words, as it *was* given for all new foundations of schools and hospitals made out of Church spoil. The difference was significant, and as Pole or some friend of his had said in retrospect,<sup>1</sup> there was left a prick of conscience for those who kept their Church lands. They were debarred from impeachment and trouble, but they had not the final satisfaction of knowing that their title was clear.

How long this scruple of conscience could be felt may be seen from the fact that in 1686, during the short Catholic restoration of James II, it was considered expedient that one of the chief English Benedictines, Dom Philip Ellis, should have been put up to declare in a sermon in the Chapel Royal that the English Benedictine Congregation renounced all claim to the old abbey lands:

We do willingly and freely renounce all titles and rights that might possibly be inherent in the ancient and present English Congregation of Monks, who acknowledge by my mouth that the alienation of their lands, how unjust soever in the beginning and ensuing confirmations of it, is now fixed by so full and uncontrollable Authority both of Church and State that they can by no law ecclesiastical or civil be wrested out of the hands of the present possessors or their heirs. . . . As for the monks themselves . . . they suppose no judicious person will question their power to do it, more than a conscientious person will question their sincerity that they have actually done it. That ecclesiastical as well as secular corporations and communities can alienate is certain. And lest it should be doubted whether they have made use of this power . . . they again solemnly protest that they desire that nothing should be restored but their reputation and to be thought by their countrymen neither pernicious nor useless members to their country.<sup>2</sup>

In view of the character of Pole, which is now sufficiently well known, one can conclude that it was his spirit of simple faith which made him put first the work of reconciliation and its spiritual advantages, alongside which the fate of the abbey lands did

<sup>1</sup> *Cal. S. P., Venetian*, VI, 10.

<sup>2</sup> Sermon preached before the King, 13 November, 1686, pp. 28-29.

not count at all. Having secured his main objective he then came to the work of negotiating a settlement about the property, giving way by degrees as he perceived the hardness of heart of the opposition. But his final reservation was not without effect, for the scruple of conscience did its work in some very unexpected quarters. Pole knew indeed that the Queen intended to make restitution for the royal abbey lands taken by Henry VIII, but it was surprising that such a hard-bitten lawyer as Lord Rich should at once found a chaplaincy at Felstead and follow this up in the next reign by founding the School and almshouses there.<sup>1</sup> If one searched the lists of Elizabethan benefactions, one might find more such results of Pole's apparent intransigence. Before leaving Brussels he wrote to Morone:

When I do my duty and make clear to their Majestys and to others what they ought to do in this matter of the lands, there is a hope on the one hand that the piety of the King and Queen will bring them to the resolve to act, though on the other hand, should they from other human motives not come to adopt that course, then I for my part would strongly suspect the divine displeasure towards them and the kingdom, even if it had already returned to religious obedience, though I am not so anxious about what they may fail to persuade others to do about their lands.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Rich also disgorged Smithfield priory, where the Dominicans were installed. The colleges and schools which have kept their fourth centenary in the present year 1955 were not all due to the force of conscience urging towards the restoration of church property, but Sir Thomas Pope who founded Trinity College, Oxford, was a large holder of church-land, as were Sir John Port, the founder of Repton, and Sir John Gresham in Norfolk.

<sup>2</sup> *Cal. S. P., Venetian*, V, 589.

# THE HERMITS OF THE WEST

## *Camaldoli and the Eremo*

By

TUDOR EDWARDS

THE BUS, CLIMBING EVER HIGHER into the mountains of the Castentino in Tuscany, deposited the last forester at the village of Serravalle, retraced its tracks for a while and then shot up towards the forest of pines which closed in the head of the valley. This was a journey out of time, remote as a dream, and only this rumbling crazy vehicle disturbed the silent and inanimate landscape. Though it was April, winter still held these mountains. There was snow in the hollows and a glacial wind from the peaks. The Archiano, tributary of the Arno, boiling between moss-grown rocks, gleamed white in the uncertain light of early evening. Suddenly the chauffeur pointed ahead, and turning to his solitary passenger cried, *Ecco Camaldoli*.

Half castle, half villa or farm, it stands in an Etruscan glade, its walls dropping sharply where it hangs over the ravine. Its white walls and pantiled roofs have the patina of age and an unmistakable suggestion of aloofness and denial, clearly a place which is not for those who would be cossetted. Even its *foresteria* or guest-house then lay a mournful wreck, though reclamation lies ahead, for the Government is now restoring its ancient monuments, Camaldoli among them.

The Prior, Dom Albertino Butozzi, soon installed me in a monk's cell, where the mountain air was warmed up by a fire of faggots hastily lighted by one of the *contradini*. After supper with the little community in the refectory (a sparse but adequate meal of macaroni soup, salame and salad, local walnuts and the

monastery wine, a little sour for it had been a bad year), I was privileged to meet the Prior General of the Congregation, Dom Anselmo Giabanni. He normally resided in the Sacro Eremo higher up the mountain but was now convalescing here and watching building operations. I had, at supper, sat beside this patrician figure of powerful presence, whose vigorous black beard contrasted so strikingly with the Camaldolese white habit, and now, in one of the parlours, he was anxious to know of English monasteries, to talk of mutual acquaintances and of plans for a large-scale restoration of Camaldoli. The night air was scented with the burning pine logs in my primitive stove, and the silence was broken only by the ancient fountain of Fonte Buono on the roadside beneath my window.

The early history of Camaldoli and its foundation by St. Romuald of Ravenna (c. 950-1027) is well known, the initial source being the biographical work by Romuald's disciple Peter Damian, whose manuscript *Vita B. Romualdi eremitae et eremiticae vitae institutoris* was later (1520) printed at Camaldoli. Romuald was virtually the founder of Fonte Avellana, the congregation of hermits, and Camaldoli. Fonte Avellana early came under the influence of Peter Damian, but it was not until half a century after Romuald's death in 1072 that the Camaldolesi were formally constituted and given a Rule, when the Order was made a double one by the addition of cenobitic houses following St. Benedict's Rule and interpreting it literally. By now there was a hospice at Fonte Buono, and this became the present cenobitic monastery of Camaldoli.

A younger contemporary of Romuald and one influenced by him was St. John Gualbert of Florence (c. 990-1073), who, like Romuald, became a monk of San Miniato and left it for Camaldoli, only to leave there in order to found a cenobitic house at Vallombrosa not far distant. Both men consciously turned for inspiration to the earlier monachism of Syria, Palestine and Egypt. Both established precedents. At Camaldoli there existed all the elements which reappeared almost a century later north of the Alps at the Grande Chartreuse, while Vallombrosa established the system of lay brethren. Don Diego de Franchi in his *Historia del Patriarcha S. Giovangualberto* records that for a long time the two institutes maintained such fraternal relations that a Camaldolese visiting Vallombrosa would take off his own and put on a Vallom-

brozan habit, the same custom prevailing when a Vallombrosan visited Camaldoli.

Medieval development stressed the cenobitic rather than the eremitic elements, and Camaldoli became known for its scholars rather than its hermits. Among the former was a General of the Order, Ambrogio Traversari, later known as St. Ambrose of Camaldoli (1386-1439). Not for nothing was he dubbed *il famoso Greco*, for he spoke Greek fluently, translated many of the Greek Fathers into humanist Latin, and was employed by the papacy at the Council of Basle and on monastic reform, which he described in his *Hodoeporicon*. He was also largely responsible for collecting the celebrated library which was finally dispersed at the end of last century, many volumes of which can be seen in Florence. Other Camaldolese scholars included Augustinus Florentius, whose *Historiarum Camaldulensium* was published in Florence in 1575, and Guido Grandi, author of *Dissertationes Camaldulenses* and *Historia dell' ordine Camald.* Such was the literary industry that in the fifteenth century the monk Maurus Lapi copied out over a thousand manuscripts in less than fifty years.

The monastery was suppressed in 1866, and it became the property of the State Woods and Forests Department. Half a century ago it was the Grande Albergo, a romantic retreat for those English travellers making the Victorian—and Edwardian—Grand Tour, though a few aged and infirm monks occupied a wing. The more recent history of Camaldoli is linked with a heartening revival, though there was a period of uncertainty during the last war when it lay directly on the Gothic Line. Field-Marshal Kesselring established his headquarters at nearby Serravalle, but he had sufficient imagination to declare the monastery a protected monument. The changing fortunes in this theatre of war drove some five hundred refugees into the monastery, where they spent some time cramped in the *foresteria*, while among the few Allied men who escaped from the German prison-camp in Florence to be sheltered here was Major-General Neame, V.C.

Little remains of the original buildings, but the *foresteria* encloses the original cloister, of eleventh-century construction, the arcades having columns with simply carved bases and capitals supporting arches. The remainder was destroyed in a fire of 1203, and the existing fabric is largely of fifteenth- and eighteenth-century

reconstruction. The church was rebuilt in 1523 but was restored and much altered in 1772-76. The decor, indeed, is of the latter date, in a mild Baroque, with apsidal chapels flanking the nave and a sculptured and frescoed vault, all picked out in white and gold, while there are three oil paintings attributed to Vasari.

The main cloister is an eighteenth-century platitude, a playground now for the thirty or so boys schooled and accommodated here, and the older cells on the ground floor are no longer in normal use. The cells of the monks now lead off the spacious vaulted passages above, where, strangely departing from monastic usage, is the refectory (though this is not rare in Italy and is to be found at Monte Cassino). The refectory has Renaissance richly carved lavabos in the ante-chamber, and, within, a fifteenth-century coffered wood ceiling divided into caissons enriched with cherubs, fleurs-de-lys and insignia. There are several such ceilings of the *cinquecento*, including that of the pharmacy, with its carved cabinets displaying old porcelain and alembics.

There is no lack of continuity in the production of tonics and liqueurs, and today the pharmacy sends out *Laurus*, *Lacrima d'Abete*, based on essence of local pines, and *Elixir dell' Eremita*, which resembles Chartreuse in bouquet and taste. The excellence of the forests in this part of the Castentino is largely due to the earlier cultivation of the trees by the monks of Camaldoli, and since the forests have come into the charge of the Government these trees—the great firs (the local *abete*), the beeches, oaks and chestnut groves—still flourish. At their farm below on the plain the monks now cultivate extensive vineyards and tobacco crops, on which the Government has a monopoly.

Camaldoli or Fonte Buono, from the excellent fountain there, is a hamlet merely, and besides the monastery there are two modest *albergos*, catering for the foresters but also out to catch summer visitors, and a State Forestry Department villa housing a small collection of local fauna and flora. Beyond lie the far-flung mountains and forests, threaded with silver cascades and starred with pale yellow primroses and celandines which thrust their heads through the close matting of fir-needles. Slim green lizards dart among the uncurling ferns, and even in April snow lies thick in sheltered glades and on the very threshold of the *Sacro Eremo* near the summit. A roughly paved path all but follows the course

of the Archiano, that stream which rises above the hermitage and which Dante knew, as he knew the Sacro Eremo:

... *appiè del Castentino*  
*Traversa un' acqua c'ha nome l'Archiano*  
*Che sovra l'Eremo nasce in Appenino.*

(*Purg.*, 5)

The Eremo itself is a miniature Antonian desert, in plan like the *laura* of the ancient Copts. It is heavily gated against the world, if the world can be said to dwell in this mountain fastness, and within the walled enclosure, beyond the forecourt, is ranged the double row of cells flanking a paved path. Here live the Hermits of the West, at present twenty-two of them, including three recluses, a much larger community than that normally at Fonte Buono below.

St. Romuald was wise enough to give his monks the advantages of the eremitical life without its disadvantages, as did St. Bruno after him, and indeed the Camaldolese hermits have more affinity with the Carthusians than with any other western body of monks. Nor is the *horarium* greatly dissimilar, from the rising at 1.30 a.m. for Matins and Lauds in the church until Compline about an hour before sunset, with meals taken in the solitude of the cells, and the occasional communal gatherings and walks outside the enclosure approximating to the Carthusian *spatium*.

I was privileged to have as mentor Dom Ildebrando Billi, a monk of some linguistic attainments and one with a deep interest in the *Sancta Sophia* of our own Augustine Baker. Together we made the round of the Eremo. The forecourt with its offices, *foresteria* and laybrothers' quarters is dominated by the church. This is much smaller than that of Fonte Buono, though the grey and white façade and twin campanile towers would appear to have been designed by the same architect. Internally, however, there is a greater exuberance of the Baroque, and it glows with gilt and fresco and sculptured cherubim and has an intriguing rood-screen of gilt filigree designed like a triumphal arch. There is a Chapel of St. Romuald, and another chapel with a Della Robbia altarpiece, while the little chapter-house has one of the coffered ceilings so much in evidence in the monastery below. The church is said to have been decorated by the gold-loving Neapolitans, and it is considered by the hermits to be too ornate for their purpose.

The cells, with their pantiled roofs and high-walled gardens, resemble bungalows. Each has four rooms—a small hall or lobby, a living-room containing an alcoved bed, table and fireplace (with a hatch through which food is passed), a little oratory with an altar and a prie-dieu, and a study containing a writing-table and a small library. One of these cells is never inhabited. It is the cell of St. Romuald, on the same plan as the others but its rooms wainscoted with later panelling. The novices live in cells located in another enclosure, the entrance to which is always kept locked.

In the summer of 1468 some of the leading scholars of the Italian Renaissance spent some days here in learned discussion. Among them was Cristoforo Landini (1424-92), the humanist and author of neo-Platonic dialogues and a commentary on Dante, to whose *Disputationes camaldulenses* we owe our knowledge of the gathering. The first to arrive were the two young Medici, Lorenzo and Giuliano, Donato Acciajuoli, the author of a commentary on Aristotle, Alemanno Rinucinni, who translated some of Plutarch's *Lives*, and several others. Before long the Prior of the Eremo, Mariotto, said to have been a pupil of the Prior General, Ambrosio Traversari, brought in two men who were celebrities of the period. One was Leon Battista Alberti (1404-72), the other Marsilio Ficino (1433-99).

Alberti seems to have had the versatility of Leonardo da Vinci. His published works include *Della famiglia*, a treatise on matrimony, paternal duties and the education of children, a comedy, and some of the earliest treatises on painting, sculpture and architecture, while his known architectural works include the façade of Santa Maria Novella in Florence. Ficino was one of the greatest Hellenists of his age, translating Plato into Latin and generally attempting to reconcile philosophy with religion, with the result that he was accused of heresy. He taught Greek in the Academy of Florence, where his friend Landini taught Latin. Both Ficino and Landini are represented in the fresco by Domenico Ghirlandaio in Santa Maria Novella.

This then was the circle of men who met at the Sacro Eremo in that summer of 1468, when the Republic of Florence followed the example of the Republic of Venice, and the vogue for Plato stimulated a new and intensive interest in Virgil and Horace, Dante and Petrarch. And the chief subject of discussion, after Mass and beneath the beech trees, was, appropriately enough, the

contemplative life, which was lauded by all present, thus according both with Plato's ideality and the Christian exaltation of Mary above Martha.

By the end of the century, however, all the monasteries of the Camaldolese Order had abandoned the solitary life except the Sacro Eremo. The return to the primitive ideals of St. Romuald was entirely due to Paolo Giustiniani (1476-1528). A philosopher and theologian, he early entered the Sacro Eremo, where he was soon elected Prior, but his views involved him in conflict with heads of other houses of the Order, and he ultimately sought and received Papal permission to form a new eremitical congregation which would be exempt from the jurisdiction of the General of the Camaldolesi. In 1523 his Congregation was established and the first general chapter held at a hermitage near Ancona, but it was not until 1667 that it was formally organised into the Congregation of Monte Corona, from the hermitage of that name in the valley of the Tiber. Since 1861 the mother-house has been at Frascati, near Rome. Two later Congregations, those of Turin in Italy and Notre-Dame de Consolation in France were short-lived.

While the Congregation of Monte Corona is numerically stronger than that of Camaldoli the latter has enjoyed a marked resurgence in recent years, though it has lost the hermitage of Roquebrune in southern France, which in 1947 became a Discalced Carmelite "desert." Today there are, in addition to the Sacro Eremo and the monastery at Fonte Buono, hermitages at Fano and Fontevellana, the cenobitic house of San Gregorio in Rome, and the college or *alumnate* at Buonsolazzo near Florence. Before the year is out a new foundation will have been made in Sardinia.

## A RUSSIAN PILGRIM'S PRAYER

SINCE WE ARE ALL DIRECTED by the Holy Father to pray for Russia it is helpful to be reminded of the goodness of the simple folk in that vast country not so long ago. This book<sup>1</sup> recaptures for us the atmosphere of faith and prayer breathed in its measure by the monks in their monasteries and the peasantry in their villages. It was first published in Russian in 1884 and has since been translated into both French and English. It recounts the adventures of an anonymous pilgrim who travels far and wide over Russia and Siberia on a quest. He is impelled by an overwhelming desire to find out how to live up to St. Paul's injunction that we should "pray without ceasing." In his search for direction and counsel he is led from one monastery to another, consulting spiritual directors wherever they may be found—and he records how he fares and what he learns. Throughout his wanderings he hymns the praises of the practice of "the Prayer of Jesus," and extols its effects and tells how its unbroken repetition creates a fount of "bubbling joy" within him. This prayer is the simple and loving invocation: "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me." The stages by which this aspiration comes to possess him and hold his mind and heart, awake and asleep, are described with a *naïveté* as natural as it is refreshing.

What excludes any sense of dullness in this story is the way his pilgrimage is enlivened not only by his spiritual discoveries as he seeks to comprehend the teaching of the various "startsi" (spiritual directors), but also by his experiences on the way; and a long way it is, for he meanders for many years over the vast spaces of Russia and Siberia. With a knapsack of dried bread or rusks for food and the charity of humble folk to give him shelter, he covers thousands of miles, happy in the vast solitudes and finding astonishing confirmation for the efficacy of his prayer in strange encounters, in which he induces the men he greets to tell their stories of conversion and grace. So the Pilgrim's tale becomes a catena of coincidences, significant dreams, adventures on the way and all but miraculous interventions.

The book has two parts, entitled "The Way of a Pilgrim" and "The Pilgrim continues his Way." Throughout it breathes the spirit of love of Our Lord. It is this pervading fragrance of personal love which constitutes the charm of the work. One feels no hesitation in commending it to the jaded reader and especially to such as have found the grammar of prayer uncongenial and tales of piety a bit glutinous.

Moreover, its perhaps most engaging element is that it opens up an unfamiliar field. As you read you find yourself querying what is said

<sup>1</sup> *The Way of a Pilgrim*, translated by R. M. French (S.P.C.K. 10s 6d).

and asking questions to which there is no ready answer. Is this anonymous Pilgrim a real or a wholly fictitious character? Is the advice he receives from this or that "starets," or expert director of souls, quite sound? We move in a spiritual landscape and climate which is strange to those who have been born and bred in the tradition of the Latin Church. It is a strangeness which alerts us, yet does not fail to draw us on in its spirit of acceptance and freshness and fragrance of unquestioning childhood. If our approval is guarded, it is so not only because the book issues from a schismatic, Eastern tradition but also because it reaches us in an Anglican translation, though there is no sign whatever of any selectiveness designed to make it more palatable for non-Catholic readers.

Some elucidations are now demanded. Is the "anonymous Pilgrim" a real person at all? Père Irenée Hausherr, S.J., who has delved deeply in this field, inclines to the opinion that he is a "pious fake," and that his inquiries, discussions and experiences belong to a literary device by which the "hesychast" doctrine and practice of prayer is explained and illustrated. In Hausherr's view<sup>1</sup> the Pilgrim is an invented character, a sort of metaphorical clothes-horse on which to exhibit these teachings while his experiences *en route* are pegs on which to hang appropriate anecdotes and illustrations.

This "Prayer of Jesus" belongs to an ancient Oriental tradition, styled "hesychasm" and deriving from the third and fourth centuries. It does not seem to have ever established itself firmly in the West (unless one expects a Celtic tradition illustrated by the practices of St. Patrick himself, and—leaping over the centuries—somewhat formidably, in the life of Fr. William Doyle, S.J.). "The Prayer of Jesus" is the unceasing repetition of the call on Him for mercy. It has to be uttered vocally or mentally in unison with the physical rhythm of breathing, so that the physical function and the spiritual aspiration coalesce and create a joyous interior harmony. Père Hausherr points out how these directions on "the prayer of the heart" belong to an early Christian tradition which is not exclusively Eastern;<sup>2</sup> nor, as he insists, need their legitimacy be suspected provided that they are not regarded as, of themselves, ensuring the bestowal of the gift of contemplation. Not that either the ancient traditions of "hesychast" prayer or the teachings in this book encourage such an illusion. On the contrary all the insistence is on the prior need of a life purified by renunciation and self-control through the practice of asceticism. The teachings of the early Fathers are summed up in a famous compendium of extracts

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Ir. Hausherr, S.J., *Orientalia Christiana* VI (1926), pp. 174-6.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Hausherr's "Les grands courants de la spiritualité orientale," *Orientalia Christiana Periodica*, Vol. I, nn. 1 and 2.

called the *Philokalia*.<sup>1</sup> Briefly the purport of these extracts from early mystical writers is to exalt the heart over the head. In some ways it recalls the differences of emphasis which belong to "voluntarism" and "intellectualism," associated with St. Bonaventure and St. Thomas Aquinas. Our "Pilgrim" cherishes his copy of the *Philokalia* as if it were an inspired commentary, and turns to it for his (and our) encouragement and guidance when all else fails.

No effort is demanded to read this story, diversified as it is by so many curious, edifying and pleasant anecdotes. It is also stimulating because of the questions it raises in the reader's mind. Yet, too much in our sophisticated mood, seems to be taken for granted. What, for instance, are we to think of such a prelude to prayer as that of *literally* fixing the imagination on the organ of one's own beating heart? Or on the practice of repetition "without ceasing" of one brief prayer? The initiate has to get used to 12,000 invocations a day before he really gets going. Again, in what does prayer consist which goes on awake or asleep and is styled "self-acting prayer"? What too of the acquisition and development of spiritual senses: sight and inner hearing and savour and taste and touch? Is it just an application of Our Lord's "Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God," or does an even deeper significance remain to be unfolded?

In his introduction the translator has told us: "Of the Pilgrim's identity nothing is known. In some way his manuscript, or a copy of it, came into the hands of a monk on Mount Athos, in whose possession it was found by the Abbot of St. Michael's Monastery at Kazan. The Abbot copied the manuscript and from his copy the book was printed at Kazan in 1884." The reviewer is unfortunately unable to test this English translation by the original or even to compare it with the French version. This must excuse possibly-unfounded surmises, caveats and qualifications. Yet, in spite of them all, the book remains a noteworthy spiritual work, refreshingly simple, exotic, engaging, beautifully produced, well annotated and eminently readable.

L. E. BELLANTI

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Petite Philocalie de la Prière du Coeur*. J. Gouillard. Coll. Documents spirituels; 5; Paris, 1953.

## REVIEWS

### 'OUR GREAT AUGUSTAN GRAY'

*Thomas Gray, A Biography*, by R. W. Ketton-Cremer (Cambridge University Press 25s).

THIS is, let it be said at once, both in design and execution an altogether admirable biography. Mr. Ketton-Cremer knows his eighteenth century, and with great skill against that oddly attractive background succeeds in producing a wholly convincing portrait. As a poet, Thomas Gray, even if on account of one great poem alone, stands secure in the estimation of posterity; as an individual he has fared less well. It is not that his character has been openly attacked—except by Johnson in an angry, and most unjust, summing-up, and by Junius in one biting phrase; it is rather that he has been the victim of persistent denigration. That he led a quiet life, that he never spoke out, that he was of a nervous disposition, have all been held up against him as things derogatory in themselves. True, his was a quiet life: he was a scholar and a recluse and had no temperamental leanings to adventure. But was his life really any quieter than Crabbe's, or Keats's, or Wordsworth's, or Tennyson's, against whom no such reproaches are levelled? It was Matthew Arnold who, lifting the sentence from an entirely different context, accused him of never speaking out: speaking out, that is, about contemporary events. For he goes on to regret that Gray had not had the good fortune to have been born later when he could have enjoyed the advantage of witnessing the French Revolution. An advantage the enjoyment of which one can imagine Gray as being devoutly thankful to have been spared. No; not to a man of Gray's temperament can such standards of Rugbeian heartiness be applied. The question, however, still remains: Why this continued nagging?

The answer is surely to be found when we consider the character of the man himself. He was not unsociable by nature and enjoyed company, but preferred to remain aloof. In a letter which he wrote from Rome in his youth to a friend after attending a fashionable rout he says, "The world danced, and I sat in a corner." That was to be his attitude throughout his life. It may be that it was the remembrance of his humble origin, the thought of his mother and aunts toiling away in that little drapery shop in the City, quite as much as any injury his father's behaviour may have inflicted on his character, that constituted the real hair-shirt he wore underneath all his fine clothes and in the presence of all his grand friends. Traces of the same defence-mechanism can be seen in his artistic life as well. Up to the year 1742, we are told,

he being then twenty-six, all his poems, with a few quite unimportant exceptions, had been written in Latin. But in this year, caught up "in a surge of creative activity," as his biographer says, he began the *Elegy* and wrote, besides, nearly everything which marks him as a great poet. There was more to come—he had nearly thirty years of life before him—but not much more: some *vers d'occasion* and translations, a satire, and the Pindaric Odes. But what is remarkable is not the paucity of output but the nature of these Odes and the method of their presentation to the public. In the first place they were highly allusive and cryptic to the point of incomprehensibility—"a high Pindarick upon stilts" was the author's own description of them, And, he added, with a kind of perverse glee, few would be scholars enough to understand a line of them. All suggestions that he should supply a few footnotes to enlighten the ordinary reader were rejected with scorn. When, one may ask, did ever poet introduce his work to the public in so savagely uncompromising a fashion! And as if that were not enough he must go and place on the title-page "in conspicuous Greek capitals" a motto from Pindar which he himself translated as "Vocal to the Intelligent alone."

Now I think we can begin to see some of the reasons which account for Gray's unpopularity. He was the greatest poet of his age, yet refused to play the part. He declined the Laureateship, wrote very little, and that little apparently deliberately incomprehensible, and spent his time playing the clavichord and studying the ways of plants and flowers. Walpole records how it maddened him to find Gray annotating his copy of Linnaeus "instead of pranking his lyre." In fact to his contemporaries he was an enigma. And persons who are enigmas are apt to rouse feelings of suspicion and hostility in the breasts of others. And so it was that his foibles were seized upon and held up to ridicule—the careful dress and precise pronunciation, the pot-pourri scented room, the lovingly tended window-boxes, and, of course, the precautionary iron bar and rope ladder in case of fire.

Yet, in spite of it all, one has the impression that Gray knew quite well what he was about. He knew his worth as a poet; but he also knew his limitations, and he was determined not to be drawn beyond them. He was superior to flattery and impervious to bullying, to both of which he had to put up with a good deal in his time. What could be wiser, or sadder, than his remark about the "sweets of praise" which can be so easily damped by "a bitter, salutary drop of that misery and mortality which we always carry about with us"? As to his genius as a poet, there is no room for any such appraisal here. And it must be remembered that our ears are no longer attuned to the Augustan cadences, and much that was admired then would pass for triteness now. How, for example, are we to understand his admiration,

which, incidentally, he shared with Napoleon, for the fustian that is Macpherson's Ossian? But an instance of his power as a satirist (in the "anti-Twicherite" verses) is one that will cause many a reader now, as it did then, to open his eyes. It is as savage, witty and hard-hitting a lampoon as could well be imagined. Walpole undoubtedly was right when he said that what came easiest to Gray was the humorous vein. It is well to be reminded that his was no one-stringed lyre.

What Gray's beliefs were, to turn once more to the man himself, his very reticence makes it hard to tell. That he was ever a man of strong faith seems unlikely—neither his age nor upbringing were conducive to any such state—but it is clear that the "trembling hope," expressed so touchingly in the *Elegy*, evidently deepened as time went on. On the other hand his abhorrence of irreligion whether in speech or writing was constant: "a vile dish," he called it. This was strikingly exemplified in his attitude to Voltaire, his much-lauded contemporary. "No one knows," he said on one occasion, "the mischief that man will do." And when in the last year of his life he was seeing his friend Nicholls off to Switzerland he begged him not to go and see Voltaire in words which the passing of two centuries has rendered even more acute than when they were spoken: "Every tribute to such a man signifies."

The book is handsomely and appropriately produced, with full bibliography and notes and a useful index, by the Press of that University within whose sheltering walls so much of the poet's life was spent.

JOHN McEWEN

### THE EVE OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION

*Collingridge: A Franciscan Contribution to Catholic Emancipation*, by J. B. Dockery, O.F.M. (R. H. Johns, Newport, Mon. 25s).

THE AGE OF THE VICARS APOSTOLIC, the period of a century and a half and more from the times of James II to the restoration of the Hierarchy in 1850, has not as yet seriously attracted the attention of Catholic historians. The subject is not, indeed, a particularly inviting one: it was not, at least in the earlier part, an heroic age, and the scarcity of original materials makes any serious study of these days doubly difficult. The story of Emancipation can be read in some detail and on a broad ground in Bishop Ward's volumes, but the eighteenth century is still the dark age of post-Reformation Catholic history. Challoner and Milner apart, the Vicars Apostolic themselves are still dim figures. On the local scale, little has been done either to show how the faith was maintained through these years, or to illustrate

that steady recovery and expansion which, from the later eighteenth century at least, was one of several factors making for the later Catholic revival. Fr. Dockery's able study of Collingridge is therefore particularly welcome. It does justice to the solid if unspectacular achievements of a zealous and devoted bishop whose reputation was, perhaps, somewhat overshadowed by those of his more distinguished contemporaries, and it provides a useful outline of the earlier history of the Western vicariate which he ruled for so long.

Bernardine Collingridge joined the exiled English Franciscans at Douai in 1771. In 1791, the year of the first Relief Act, he returned to England, and for the next fifteen years served various missions, in London and elsewhere. He was for a short time President of the Franciscan school at Baddesley Clinton. Early in 1806 he was made Provincial of his Order. At the end of the same year he was appointed co-adjutor to Bishop Sharrock of the Western District. A few weeks later he had a paralytic stroke, a first sign of that chronic ill health which harassed him for the rest of his life: but in spite of this he succeeded Sharrock in 1809, and ruled the District with some distinction for twenty years, dying in March 1829 only a few days before the Act of Emancipation received the royal assent.

The Western District, the most widely scattered as it was also the poorest of the four vicariates into which England was then divided, covered eight English counties and the whole of Wales. The records of the district were destroyed when Bishop Walmesley's house at Bath was looted and burnt in 1780, but from local and other sources Fr. Dockery has been able to reconstruct in some detail the earlier history of the missions in this wide area. When Collingridge succeeded there were in the whole vicariate some five to six thousand Catholics, served by forty-odd priests, many of whom were French exiles. In the course of the next twenty years the number of Catholics was more than doubled, and some half-dozen new missions were founded. If this appears a modest achievement it was due, not to any lack of zeal on the bishop's part, but to that acute shortage of clergy and slackness in clerical discipline which, here as elsewhere, appears to have been such a feature of this period.

The French Revolution brought to an end the long exile of the English religious orders. As a religious himself, Collingridge was naturally concerned with their re-establishment in England. The English Franciscans were at this time passing through what was probably the most acute crisis in their history since the Reformation, and it was due entirely to Collingridge's efforts that the province was saved from extinction. With the Benedictines, whom he had known from his Douai days, his relations were always of the friendliest, and it was in large part through his help that, after many early difficulties,

they were finally settled at Downside in 1814. Like so many of his contemporaries, but for reasons which are often anything but clear, Collingridge for long resisted proposals to restore the Jesuits in England; it is a mark of the man's essential fair-mindedness that when, in later life, he changed his mind, he became, as Bishop Ward has said, "the instrument under God for the re-establishment of the Society of Jesus in England."

As the title of his work indicates, Fr. Dockery also credits Collingridge with a major role in the negotiations which finally resulted in the passing of the Act of Emancipation. If his was not the central part in this long business, it was nevertheless, so we are told, "the part of a giant"; and we are assured that in the later stages of the negotiations, "all the thinking and directing in the politico-religious business of Emancipation" was still falling on his shoulders. The evidence brought forward by the author scarcely justifies these somewhat sweeping claims. Collingridge, as is well known, had a serious difference of opinion with Milner as to the advisability of accepting the government's proposal for a limited veto on episcopal elections as one of the conditions for the restoration of civic rights to the English Catholics. Milner was at all times a difficult man to deal with, and there resulted an acrimonious and well-aired controversy between the two which did nothing to further the cause to which each was equally devoted. In the later stages of discussion with the government Collingridge was, it is true, occasionally consulted by Bishop Poynter of the London District, and suggested a number of minor corrections to various draft petitions. But by this time, chronically ill as he was, he could exercise no more than a secondary influence on the long debate.

Fr. Dockery has been fortunate in discovering abundant materials for what has obviously been for him a grateful task. At Westminster alone there are more than a thousand letters from Collingridge to Poynter, and the replies are preserved in the Clifton archives. Other valuable materials at Rome, Douai, Downside and in the archives of the Franciscans, have been used, and one could have wished for somewhat more explicit references to sources which are, at present, all but unknown. The author has, perhaps, not sufficiently resisted the temptation to find room for everything: as a result, the abundant and sometimes trivial detail, and the lengthy quotations from correspondence and pastoral letters tend at times to obscure the narrative. There is some evidence too of faulty proof reading, and far too many misprints: for example, at pages 97, 154, 156, 157, 223. A passage in a letter quoted on page 56 is, as it stands at present, scarcely intelligible. But these are minor blemishes in a work which is a useful and original contribution to a period of our history too long neglected.

GERARD CULKIN

## A CORNISH CONFESSOR

*Francis Tregian*, by P. A. Boyan and G. R. Lamb (Sheed and Ward 12s 6d).

AS CUTHBERT MAYNE is the proto-martyr of the seminary priests so Francis Tregian, his host, is the proto-confessor of those that sheltered them—a proto-confessor in more than time; he was venerated before his death as a perfect type of the “Just Man” who suffers wrong patiently. The wrongs he suffered lay bare beyond dispute the inherent viciousness of the Elizabethan government, for neither fear nor anger but only cruelty was the cause of the things that were done to him and his household. Gentle, guileless, greathearted and dignified, by all the standards of decency he was a perfect Christian gentleman. By the same standards his enemies, Grenville and Carey, whom the Queen gave a free hand to ruin and torment him, were respectively a grisly ruffian and a toadspotted hypocrite—a Goneril and a Regan of the male sex. It requires a gross perversion of moral values to make Tregian seem despicable and his enemies admired. One of the merits of this book is that it refutes with great clarity the description of Tregian by Mr. A. L. Rowse—“a self-complacent, fanatical fool of the first water. . . .” What a calamitous verdict—for the writer of it!

There are two main sources for Tregian’s life. One is a Latin booklet, *Heroum Speculum*, written by his grandson and printed at Lisbon in 1655. The other, incomparably more valuable, is a contemporary English account of his trial and imprisonment written anonymously in 1593, and known as *The Oscott MS.* This latter is a most precious document both in style and content; and the authors of the present book cite sufficient evidence to show that it is also historically reliable. It is likely that the author was Tregian’s neighbour and fellow-prisoner, Nicholas Roscarrock, who, as the contemporary Cornish historian recorded, “for his industrious delight in matters of history and antiquity (doth) merit a commended remembrance.” Not the least valuable aspect of the *Oscott MS.* is its exposure of the deliberate corruption of judicial standards that went on progressively in Elizabeth I’s reign; we are too prone to think that these evils were inherited and may therefore be palliated.

It must be confessed that the present book, despite some isolated bits of good writing, cannot compare as a narrative with the *Oscott MS.*, and it lacks, naturally, the charm of contemporary vividness—a lack which is not compensated by a number of rather banal and self-conscious concessions to supposedly popular taste. Doubtless the authors decided that the *Oscott MS.* re-edited with a full introduction, epilogue and notes would still not be palatable to modern readers.

It would be unfair to complain of this decision, but it is fair to

regret that the scholarship applied to the evidence from the *Oscott MS.* has not been applied to the earlier part of Tregian's life which derives from the *Heroum Speculum*. The highlight of this is the bedside solicitation of Tregian by the Virgin Queen. There are several reasons for thinking that the oral tradition of this episode when it reached print in 1655 had become garbled in the process. By accepting and expanding the story without a semblance of critical inquiry the authors have exposed their book to the charge—unfair perhaps but inevitable—of being historically negligible.

It is with regret that this carping note is introduced; and, in order not to end upon it, let it be said that the authors provide a splendid epilogue to the story by relating how Francis Tregian the younger, a recusant like his father, spent his captivity in compiling and copying nearly two thousand pieces of Elizabethan and Jacobean music. While the "heroes" of our history books bequeathed to the next century the bitter fruits of plunder and squander, their patient victim left to his country a treasure of immortal song.

CHRISTOPHER DEVLIN

### ECUMENISM

*Essays in Christian Unity*, by Henry St. John, O.P. (Blackfriars Publications 12s 6d).

THERE HAS BEEN a bad lacuna in our English Catholic writing, and this book makes a welcome start towards remedying the position. Apart from occasional articles, for instance, in the *Eastern Churches Quarterly*, what Catholic literature there is on ecumenical questions has been confined to a few foreign books, excellent of their kind, but giving perforce an outside view of the situation here. Fr. St. John knows this situation from the inside, in fact from the inside of both sides. He gives us glimpses of his Anglo-Catholic days as well as a general view of his own active, quiet work of making contacts with non-Catholics since his ordination as a friar preacher.

The value of the book, which is addressed to Catholics, is less in the particular points which he deals with—here and there one would have put it rather differently—than in the spirit of sympathetic understanding which graces its every page, and above all, in the fact that he explains why such a spirit is called for now more than ever in the present condition of religion in this country. As he points out, we resent home truths from someone we do not like, yet may accept them from a friend. Is a war-psychology the right atmosphere for getting our separated brethren to accept the home truths which we

need to tell them? And he tells us this in so friendly a way that we may ourselves be ready to accept it.

The essays are mostly revised articles written in the course of the last twenty years, and are the fruit of personal experience chiefly of small periodical meetings of Catholic priests with Anglicans or Free Churchmen. The suggestions as to the matters best suited for discussion, and the warning that such meetings constitute "a hard and costing experience," will be appreciated especially by those who have tried it. Such work is not spectacular, it gives no quick returns (unless some uncovenanted grace of God steps in), but it is work urgently needed (alongside the perennial well-tryed task of "convert-making"), if the Church is to be better known, in the country at large, for what she is and not for what she is taken to be. These essays form an excellent introduction; they present the "ecumenical problem" as it exists in England: it is an issue on which opinions may differ, but it cannot be ignored.

MAURICE BÉVENOT

## SHORTER NOTICES

*The Life of St. Louis*, by John of Joinville, translated by René Hague from the text edited by Natalis de Wailly (Sheed and Ward 18s).  
*The Mongol Mission*, edited with an introduction by Christopher Dawson (Sheed and Ward 18s).

THE UPARALLELED DEBT already owed by the Catholic Church in England to Mr. Christopher Dawson is further increased by the "Makers of Christendom Series" to which these two books belong. The Series aims at making all Christians better aware of "the richness of the cultural tradition which they inherit," and how badly we have needed it! Our knowledge of the Faith has been two-dimensional, diagrammatical, with no sufficient reference to history or psychology, and when Church history has been taught, it has been all too often a catalogue of events, and not a true revelation of flesh and blood and spirit. Even books have given birth to the suspicion that the perspective has been arranged in the interests of edification. The use, in this series, of so much first-hand material has gone far to freeing us from any such anxiety.

This quite critical and fully annotated Life of St. Louis, so lucidly translated without either pseudo-archaisms or impertinent modern colloquialisms, suffices to bring alive not only the saint or Joinville himself, but the whole society in which they lived, including *le peuple menu Nostre Signour*, who followed to the Crusade, anonymously, and

returned no more. It was indeed something for Joinville to live so closely with one who was king, friend, and saint, of whom he could recall alike the consistent effort to govern wisely and with justice, the small petulances, and the undeviating reference of his life to God. Whatever we may think of the Crusades, we cannot forget the king's tears when he covered his eyes with his surcoat and refused to look upon Jerusalem, so near, if he were not to liberate it. This is a book that should be read with delight by any schoolboy, so full is it of *beaux gestes*, and by any adult capable of enjoying the *naïveté*, the caustic brief comments, the frank interest of the author in clothes and foods, the uncompromising realism of his descriptions, but also of the incredible fortitude of these men and women, all the more realised once they are de-romanticised.

Are we rash in thinking that the Mongol invasions are hardly mentioned, if at all, in our education? The heroic story of the Franciscan emissaries (they were ambassadors rather than missionaries, but went as Christians from a Christian West) is unintelligible unless we know whither they went, and why. This we are made to understand in Mr. Dawson's magnificent introduction, which could have been entrusted to no one but himself. We doubt if these Friars could have done more than they did: they could not have Europeanised the East, and none of us ever ought to have tried to. Chance after chance has been lost because we have not realised that Christianisation has nothing to do with forms or formulas; and even when Western missionaries did realise that, how often have they been defeated by rivalries and jealousies within the Catholic mission-field, to say nothing of the persecutions deliberately fostered by traders, whether English or Dutch. This book makes one constantly think of the modern Russia, India and China. Even within Europe, we have understood that Latinisation is impossible: in the East, a still harder task is demanded of us. There have been those—a few—who have not "ceased from mental fight" till they learnt to think with Brahman, Buddhist, Confucian minds without abandoning any Christian truth. But now, Eastern minds have been corrupted; and even were we ready to create oriental rites, and to make the gigantic effort of translating our Faith, as the first Christians had to do when passing into the Greco-Roman world, into what would the translation have to be made? Certainly we must make maximum use of the second theological virtue, Hope.

*Byzantine Studies and other Essays*, by Norman H. Baynes (University of London, The Athlone Press 35s).

THE CONTRIBUTION which Professor Norman Baynes has made to our appreciation of the history of the Eastern Roman Empire and, to an extent which he himself does not realise, of the Western Empire as well, needs no emphasising. This collection of lectures and articles, covering a period of some forty years, might be little more than a pious tribute. It is that, of course; but it is also a valuable tool of scholarship. Although all but three of the items in this volume have already appeared in print in different places, those whose business it is to deal with the complex period during which the Roman Empire accepted Christianity will be grateful to have this widely-scattered material accessible in a single volume.

As one dips again into the familiar discussions, so faultlessly phrased, so powerfully argued, so bejewelled with learning, one realises afresh what was liable to be taken for granted—that in Professor Baynes England has a scholar and a historian to match any of the great names from other countries. His learning is allied with a great common sense—whether he is discussing a theory from America that the Western Empire fell because of climatological factors, analysing a recent attempt to regard Isocrates as a “great man,” or defending Athanasius from his traducers.

Not the least valuable part of the book is a selection of extracts from reviews written by Professor Baynes at different times. Particularly useful to the student of the period are his discussion of Stilicho's policy (in a review of Bury) and a brief but important estimate of the attitude of Symmachus and his colleagues. But it is unfair to single out individual items, as though they were the plums in an otherwise rather dull pudding: the author can never be dull, and the period with which he deals so invitingly is one of the great formative periods of history. We must be grateful for the appearance of a book which, to say the least, is a most useful antidote to what may be described as the Gibbon approach to the period, and which will always remain as a tribute to a man who could so ally learning with wit, knowledge with wisdom.

*James, by the Grace of God*, by Hugh Ross Williamson (Michael Joseph 12s 6d).

IT WILL BE A LONG TIME, in all probability, before what really happened in 1688 dawns on the mind of the average English reader. The Whig version has got too long a start. One must walk warily here, as through a mine-field, for this is one of the major controversial areas in our history. But even so we may safely presume that it was not quite so one-sided an affair as most subsequent historians in this country have

given us to believe. Certainly as good a way as any to put forward an unpopular presentation of the case is by means of the historical novel. It is fashionable, of course, but less so now in the days of Miss Prescott and Miss Muntz than it was, to decry this kind of book as being neither good history nor pure fiction. In the hands of a practised writer, however, it has uses beyond its entertainment value. And Mr. Williamson is a practised writer. In this instance he takes the latter half of the year 1688 and presents a detailed story of the actions of the main figures in the drama from the birth of the Prince of Wales on 10 June to the departure of the King into exile on 23 December. The tale is told from the point of view of King James himself, and sympathetically. There is the less reason to cavil at this as being a biased presentation of the facts since it is a point of view which has hitherto been carefully ignored. Two facts in particular of great importance are here given proper emphasis. The first is that the point at issue between James and the Protestant Faction was the Declaration of Indulgence. It was in fact the principle of toleration which in the person of the King was overthrown. The other point is the truly scandalous treachery of those, with a few honourable exceptions, surrounding the King's person. John Churchill's behaviour in this respect is sufficiently well known, and his later metamorphosis into a national hero has caused it to be, if not forgotten, at least forgiven by a grateful posterity. No such alleviation, however, can be quoted in favour of the rest. For them, especially when one remembers the example of Sir Edmund Verney a generation earlier, there is little indeed that can be said.

*The Devil takes a Holiday*, by Alfred Noyes (John Murray 10s 6d).

ONE OF THE FEW BOOKS that make you want to talk to the author. You want to thank Mr. Noyes for having retained all his sense of delicate or rich colour, for transporting us to the scented air of Southern California—in short, for remaining both an artist and a poet. But then, he must make us descend to the coast with its multi-millionnaires and multi-divorcées and its votaries of the New Art. We wonder that Mr. Noyes did not think of the sub-human dissonances now infecting the European ear, and subserving songs exhaled from the cesspools of sentimentalism. We approach the theme of the book by way of a quotation (pleasant paradox!) from Rabelais—*Science sans conscience n'est que ruine de l'âme*. The Devil, finding that human nature was preparing horrors so far ahead of what even he was devising for it, determined to take a brief holiday at Santa Barbara, but the whole thing was spoilt for him by finding that quite honourable men of science are preparing bombs progressively worse than the old atom bomb—so that, of course, the knowledge that they possess them will

frighten men into never using them. He knows, of course, that universal fear will never preserve a world-peace; also, that politicians are never their own masters and that behind them are those whose interest it is (or has been) to promote the race for armaments, and that whatever promises are made about disarmament, they will not be kept. He possesses the all-destructive formula and with it tempts one young scientist who finally resists: another, who has discovered, and proposes to divulge, the world-racket, has to be liquidated along with his young wife.

Mr. Noyes has an extraordinary power of tempering the ghastly with the merely macabre and the almost comic; thus, the incident of the half-smoked cigar, that of The Lamb's "rod" which became a little green snake and clearly liked Mr. Balliol. But we must not allow any of this to prevent our taking the book most seriously, more seriously than even *The Screwtape Letters*.

Neither the excellent story-telling, with its diversity of characters, nor the allegorical element, must disguise from us the relentless realism, and the underlying philosophy of this book which we have now read for the third time.

*St Thomas Aquinas: Theological Texts.* Selected and translated with notes and an introduction by Thomas Gilby (Oxford University Press 1958).

FR. GILBY, we think, set himself the more difficult task in his earlier volume, *Philosophical Texts* selected from St. Thomas, because a reader accustomed to St. Thomas's philosophy will, even if he does not admit its validity, find his way through this beautifully arranged book without too much difficulty. We say at once that the translation is amazingly successful, even though at one end expressions like "factive intellect" cannot be avoided, and, at the other, occasional colloquialisms are used, as when it is said that a sick man may "pull through on his own." True, the book is written for the general reader, and Fr. Gilby does his best for him: yet he has to set forth, for instance, St. Thomas's doctrine of Creation and the mystery of the co-existence of the real but finite with infinite and eternal; and of what, and how, a disembodied soul can know. Perhaps the average and less courageous reader will turn more readily to the passages on the virtues, the Church, her structure and discipline and will admire St. Thomas's practical sense and careful limitation of doctrine. The Introduction should be read carefully; it reminds us that St. Thomas is dealing with man as the Christian revelation has shown him to be; that the state of "pure nature" is a fiction, though a legitimate and indeed a necessary one; that none the less, St. Thomas as theologian has no "divided" mind,

rationalist on the one hand, fideist on the other: that while he is attending to "existents," not essences, to historical realities and not only to "meanings," he never forgets the all-important doctrine of analogy. This book will not only help the serious reader to appreciate what St. Thomas Aquinas said, but also yet again fill the reader with admiration for the lucidity, strength, comprehensiveness, and indeed humaneness of this mighty thirteenth-century thinker.

*Festive Papua*, by André Dupeyrat, translated by Erik de Mauny (Staples 12s 6d).

WE REMEMBER that a few critics of Fr. Dupeyrat's earlier book, *Mitsinari*, were fussy because some of his own recollections belonged to different parts of his twenty years' sojourn in "Papua," and because the book was not arranged in a "scientific" way. All that can be brushed aside. He began at the beginning, in his *Papouasie, Histoire de la Mission* (1885-1935), for it was in 1885 that the Holy See entrusted that part of the world to the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart. In 1905 Fr. Fastré was the first white man to settle there, not leaving it till 1925, although he returned in 1936 and along with Fr. Dupeyrat he resumed an even deeper study of the mentality of the Natives, whose language and customs he had for so long and so intimately come to know. Length of sojourn, continuity together with collaboration, imagination and infinite patience, and a clear realisation that it is nobody's business to Europeanise (or, in this case, Australianise or Gallicise) a native people, are contributed by practically no one save Catholic missionaries, and probably only a few of them, for nearly everywhere the missionary is involved with the projects of some State which wants to introduce an alien and even a decadent civilisation, like ours, to say nothing of remunerative industry.

So long, then, as there are Papuans it is to men like Fr. Dupeyrat that we must turn to hear about them, especially as he foresees writing several more books about them. He ought then to be able to codify his findings and draw such conclusions as may be possible—providing all that is opposite to Sir J. G. Frazer's *Golden Bough*, which is a mass of heterogeneous, untested material, artificially arranged to provide a basis for unjustifiable theorising.

In this book the author confines himself to an examination of Papuan festivals and of the "Gabé" of the ethnic group of the Fuyughés, in particular. Clearly we cannot describe this here, but Fr. Dupeyrat's vivid and detailed description, much assisted by photographs, helps us to understand it, and the disastrous effect it has on the whole tribe. The multiplication of pigs and their use in the celebrations subordinates the well-being of every man or woman to itself. This is the sort of thing

that confronts both missionaries and governments. It cannot be put down by force, and no government official is likely to get at the mind of the Native, nor, having reached that mind, gradually to provide a substitute which can be assimilated by him and nourish him instead of destroying him. Christianity can do that: but how much dogma can be administered? what sort of ritual? A tremendous *translation* needs to be carried through.

*The Theme of Beatrice in the Plays of Claudel*, by Ernest Beaumont (Rockliff Publishing Corporation 12s 6d).

SOME YEARS AGO Dr. Beaumont wrote an article in the *Dublin* Son Claudel and the problem of love. A short paragraph in that article suggested that there might be an analogy between Claudel's idea of woman as the image of eternal beauty and Dante's vision of Beatrice. That paragraph has now developed into a book. After outlining the Dantesque and Claudelian views of Beatrice the author devotes a chapter each to Violaine, Ysè, Pensée and Orian, Prouheze, and Sygne and Lumir. The analyses show that Claudel's conception of human love is essentially "unhappy"—frustration inevitably occurs, and the apparent exception of *Musique* and the viceroy is not to be taken seriously in this fallen world. Claudel's women fulfil their Beatrician role only with the help of fortuitous events and a power of intuition which strain our credulity. His work is full of illogicalities and insufficiencies. In spite of this Claudel's work is a remarkable achievement and Dr. Beaumont considers that his analysis has been worth making. Claudel is worthy to be mentioned in the same breath as Dante even though his work does not rise to Dante's level.

Small as this book is, it is clearly the result of much reading and thought. It may be objected that a poet ought not to be expected to express himself with the precision of a theologian—Dr. Beaumont would agree—and one is always left with a feeling that something has been lost in an analysis and that the logician has not always been right. One might wonder, for example, whether the reading of that chapter of the Bible in which the wisdom of God is represented as a woman which had such an effect on the young Claudel did not colour all his portraits of women. But Dr. Beaumont's analysis must remain a valuable piece of work.

*Poetry and the Age*, by Randall Jarrell (Faber 18s).

MR. JARRELL is one of the most profitable and pleasurable American critics. A poet and novelist himself, he is used to handling language creatively but without that certain instinctive blindness which sometimes seems to accompany creation.

Mr. Jarrell's philosophical view-point is that of a modified liberalism (a liberalism tempered by the sense of the tragic which so much great poetry imparts). But Mr. Jarrell's view-point does not become his subject. His chief concern here is the work of other poets (Robert Frost, John Crowe Ransom, Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens, William Carlos Williams, and Robert Lowell), its tone and memorability in detail or in mass.

Mr. Jarrell is no friend of criticism for criticism's sake; and in an essay on "The Age of Criticism," he laughs at the elephant-and-gnat procedure of the New and academic critics (whom he too evenly equates). For all this, one of his best pieces, "On Some Lines from Whitman," shows how much he owes to the close-searching methods of the former school.

*Siena and Southern Tuscany*, by Edward Hutton (Hollis and Carter 21s).

FOR A VERY LONG TIME Mr. Hutton has been bringing Italy to England, and it may seem strange that there is anything in Tuscany that has not already been written about. But taking Siena for his centre, Mr. Hutton has explored all around and has registered for us many a place known and unknown, and the works of art that they contain. Thus he has not hesitated to tell us again of terrifying Volterra or of the delicious square-topped towers of San Gimignano; and he devotes several whole chapters to Siena itself. Possibly when he turns to the lesser-known places he runs the risk of making a catalogue of artistic treasures, and we wish we could have been allowed more photographs of places—for after all, those of pictures are very little without colour. But there is much besides—the stories that have crystallised round the saints of Cortona and Montepulciano, the letter of Petrarch to the dying conscience-tormented Boccaccio, and, dominating all, the figure of St. Catherine of Siena itself. Mr. Hutton was asked during the second World War by our Foreign Office to catalogue the Italian "monuments" at all costs to be protected: this list was used too by General Eisenhower during the invasion: Italy owes the author a debt greater even than ours is.

*The Plain and the Rough Places*, by Mary Gough (Chatto & Windus 15s).

ONE IS FAMILIAR with the travel books written by tough young men who undertake difficult journeys in order to be able to exercise their talents by writing about them, but Mrs. Mary Gough, accompanying her husband on archaeological expeditions into the Deep South of Turkey, had other preoccupations and the writing of a book was very much an afterthought. Perhaps for this reason she has given

us a most friendly book, enjoying almost every moment of the trek herself and communicating this enjoyment, if at times by a mere nod or wink, to the reader. Unlike so many travel-books where the people encountered are just part of the landscape, Mrs. Gough's people are real, for she and her husband have sufficient command of Turkish to be able to draw them out and to enjoy their jests, shopkeepers, officials, drivers, children. Fittingly the photographs, besides illustrating the localities visited, have a pleasantly personal character. Cilicia is not a much-visited land (though, from its proximity to Cyprus, it soon may be), and yet the rivalry of its chief towns, Tarsus and Anavarza, has left its mark on the pages of the New Testament. It is only attempts like this to take advantage of the new era in Turkey which atone for the long neglect of what may justly be called, equally with Syria or Palestine, the cockpit of the Near East.

*The Singular Hope*, by Elizabeth Sewell (Chatto and Windus 12s 6d).

MISS SEWELL has indeed accomplished a *tour de force* in writing over three hundred pages about a girl of fifteen in a school for cripples and mentally retarded children, without losing our interest and even sympathy. Towards the end, it looks as if there might be a major tragedy, but it is averted. Joan Crusoe is not only slightly deformed, but hyper-sensitive and at cross-purposes with life. All the external details of her life in the "special" schools (food, dress, furniture—we need not catalogue them: all are there) are mentioned. All the exterior behaviour of girls, Nurse, Matron, Principals, is meticulously described, but we never lose sight of the interior twists and turns of these children's souls, their poor little escapades, bewilderments and woes. The book is not in the least morbid; and yet we are left distressed by the enormous amount of maladjustment in the world, not only that of adolescence, but that of adult years. Faith, hope and especially love are gifts of God, but we wish that human hands knew better how to distribute them. Joan would have been far better helped by some genuine love than by any amount of hygienic frameworks and gymnastics. We gather that this school was moderately high-church, but it had not got far towards being Christian. Well, Miss Sewell's motto, *Singulariter in Spe*, could easily, but must on no account, be unobserved.

*Franco of Spain*, by S. F. A. Coles (Neville Spearman 21s).

THIS FASCINATING BIOGRAPHY of the Caudillo by one who both understands and loves the Spanish people, their faith and their way of life, contains much that would repay contemplation by all who are intoxicated by the spirit of coexistentialism. Whatever the future of Spain, General Franco is certain to be remembered, not only as the

brave and competent soldier who organised the defeat of Communism in Spain, but also as the one statesman who predicted with accuracy the outcome of Western appeasement of the Kremlin during the second World War. It may be possible to criticise his handling of internal affairs—or rather his delegation of responsibility for internal affairs to the Falange—but his profound knowledge of the strategy and tactics of world Communism, combined with a practical understanding of international problems—evidenced by Spanish relations with the Arab world and wartime Spanish-German relations—ranks him as a statesman wiser by far than the majority of his contemporaries.

In saying all this, Mr. Coles does not flatter the Generalissimo; he merely puts it on record that in a mad world, guided in everything by expediency and immediate self-interest, the Spanish Head of State has remained consistently sane.

*Coleridge and Sara Hutchinson and the Asra Poems*, by George Whalley (Routledge 21s).

WHEN COLERIDGE met Sara Hutchinson, the younger sister of Wordsworth's future wife, he was already unhappily married. For ten years, between him and Sara there existed an innocent intense romantic friendship. Both of them left records of this. On Coleridge's side, they are to be sought in note-book entries and the "Asra poems" (Asra being Coleridge's anagram for Sara). Save for two letters from the poet, the correspondence of this pair has been destroyed.

Sara's witness to her feelings is most meagre, and consists chiefly of a number of poems, by Coleridge and Wordsworth, copied out into a manuscript-book which she herself called *Sara's Poets*.

Mr. Whalley has related this evidence against the background of the lives of his two figures. He shows how the excitement and disturbance, which Sara caused Coleridge to experience, affected the poet's imagery and notion of love for the rest of his days, the greatest triumph of that lady's reign being the foreboding *Ode to Dejection*.

This is the work of a Canadian critic, and has the conscientiousness which we now expect of transatlantic literary research. Apart from its somewhat slow getting-off, Mr. Whalley's book deserves our grateful praise.

ONE of the great occupational risks of business life under the pressure of to-day is that the practical man of affairs neglects his outside reading, and all too easily falls into a narrow circle of immediate preoccupations. There is always loss in this, and the Catholic business or professional man, as a member of the Church Universal, has a particularly strong reason for keeping his mind open to wider horizons. Certainly it was never more necessary than now to follow world happenings. A direct chain of causes and effects ties every business to economical changes in the world, which are themselves as often the consequence as the cause of changes in men's political and social ideas. These ideas in their turn come out of the religions, or irreligions, of contemporary man.

In many countries the Catholic Church is at the heart of the battle of ideas. Cardinal Manning's saying that "all great quarrels between men are at bottom theological" suggests that there is, in fact, no better starting-point or background for understanding the modern world than a Catholic one. Because of this approach and background,

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